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SPIKE MILLIGAN'S FOULEST NEW YEAR

COLIN WILSON'S WEIRDEST FULL MOON

JACK IZARD'S RUDEST GAMES

KARL STEINER'S DIRTIEST JOKES

...AND THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND

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Contents

Men Only, Volume 39, Number 12

Now that you should be in a state of rigor mortis from all your Yuletide eating and drinking, it is time to pick up the latest issue of *Men Only* and relax your brandy-soaked eyes.

The New Year is well nigh upon us, and since you'll probably be sitting up to midnight, we invited back the illustrious Colin Wilson for a learned and tantalising dissertation on the Night of the Full Moon. Mr Wilson, whose recent blockbuster, *The Occult*, displayed such enormous erudition regarding things mysterious and frightening, here sets out to show how the full moon can affect the baser impulses and cause a startling upsurge in sexual activity—both sacred and profane. A shivery and startling article.

At the other end of the spectrum is, of course, the unique Spike Milligan, one of the immortal Goons and now a most energetic poet, novelist, film star, conservationist and national figure. Spike's zany glance backwards to the Yuletide spirit of the trenches is in the vein of his best-selling books *Adolf Hitler—My Part in His Downfall* and *Rommel? Gunner Who? A Confrontation in the Desert*. If Colin Wilson succeeds in making your flesh creep, Mr Milligan will break you down with laughter.

On the fiction side we have a very funny, upside-down view of historical perspective by John Sladek, author of the recent best-selling (non-fiction) book, *The New Apocrypha*, but considered in the best of quarters to be one of the most promising of the new breed science (though they prefer 'speculative') fiction writers. His short story, *Peabody Slept Here*, is a neat but eloquent satire on great lovers throughout those ages which we may have misinterpreted.

Also included is a unique Ann Summers' Sexual Alphabet for the New Year: something to tear out and hang up on your bedroom wall for immediate reference in exotic situations...

Sexual Superlatives, which we introduced with great success last month, goes into its second part this issue—and is every bit as fascinating as the previous one. G. L. Simons, who compiled the forthcoming book from which the material was culled, will not go down starving next year.

The ever popular Karl Steiner has decided to greet the New Year with a light-hearted feature—instead of his usual heavier attack on sexual taboos. His article this month is, therefore, an examination of the joke, and, while it is up to its usual erudite standard, it also manages to provide a laugh a line.

As usual, Brian O'Hanlon has the best time. Side by side with that superb photographer Amnon Bar-Tur and a couple of lovely ladies, he went for a sail and a photographic session on the nerve-calming Norfolk Broads. We should be so lucky!

Tony Power

Top: blonde and beautiful Becky, our girl of the month. Middle: messing about on the river. Bottom: the immaculate and exclusive De Tomaso Pantera.

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Communication

An opportunity for serious discussion on subjects covered in this magazine or linked with present society's enlightened attitudes. Readers who wish to submit correspondence to this article should address their letters to: Communication, Men Only, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., Chronicle House, 72-78 Fleet St., London E.C.4. It is important that you include your name and address – although they can be withheld from the published correspondence if you request it. Subscribers are reminded that only sincere and genuine letters will be considered for publication.

Fiona: For and Against

Sir: Fiona is really fabulous. Apart from her fantastically erotic regular feature, which is almost always the first thing I turn to in your magazine, I have recently treated myself to a copy of *Frankly Fiona*, her new L.P. What a turn-on! And what a voice! Lots more records, please, Fiona, and keep up the good work with the features. They are fascinating and very enjoyable.

Fiona Fan,
Surrey.

Sir: I have just read the latest "sexploits of the frolicsome Miss Fiona Richmond. Quite honestly, along with the other episodes in her sensuous series, it is the biggest load of rubbish in print. Myself, and many of my colleagues, who regularly read your magazine, are convinced that either Fiona, or some background "writer" on your staff, has an amazingly imaginative mind.

S.W.,
Loughborough.

Sir: I was interested to see Westward TV's recent documentary on Fiona Richmond. As I suspected, she is not a "dumb blonde", and this gives rather more credence to her articles, which for me are the least interesting aspect of your excellent magazine.

However, my reason for writing is that Miss Richmond is on impossible ground when trying to justify her sex life within Christianity. She cannot make up her own rules to suit the Christian faith. No Christian minister would ever condone her behaviour. Her philosophy seems similar to my own, in that the world would be a better place if we were all to practise loving one another – not necessarily sexual love.

Personally, I believe in a presence or power which for want of another word I call God. God has made it clear to me through social and physical evolution that the composite feeling we refer to as love is all that is important for a happy life. Tying oneself to a narrow set of rules such as Christianity only seems to lead to tragedies like Ireland. If Miss Richmond continues in her Christian belief she is either fooling herself or will end up mentally disturbed by the inevitable conflict within her.

R.H.,
Cornwall.

Sheer Bliss

Sir: As one who has written to you many times (without success, I fear) I must say how delighted I am that you are beginning to take some notice of the vast number of readers who have asked for the glories of stockings, suspender belts et al. Your latest issue seems too good to be true.

Todd Mallanson has done an excellent job of summing up the reasons for our many requests, and I found the drawings that went with his article quite fascinating. The girl on page 23 may be quite fantastic (in both senses of the word) but what a brilliant example of the figure-aiding qualities of stockings, suspenders and panties without the all-embracing awfulness of tights.

And if that was not enough your fashion set *Silk* showed real girls in the real thing!

Thanks for a wonderful issue, I doubt whether I, or my wife, will ever recover from the effects.

T.G.,
Wolverhampton.

Lingering Lingerie

Sir: What a fantastic set of pictures. I mean the corset-and-stocking shots on pages 91–97. Wow! Now let them say that the only people who like real lingerie are old fogies. There are many magazines, as you of course know, which specialise in stocking and suspender-belt type pictures. But I just knew that if we could persuade you lot to have a go, the quality would be something else. And I was right.

And where did you get those wonderful girls? I could almost feel the texture of those beautiful garments just looking at the pictures. No, really! I'll say something for you, when you finally *do* listen to your readers and do something they want, you don't mess around. I am delighted, as I am sure all the other lingerie lovers in your vast readership are.

P.S.,
Redruth.

We have received an amazing response from these two features and, needless to say, we too are delighted. Thank you all very much for the praise you heaped upon us. Our thanks too to Todd Mallanson, Chris Achilleos, Wendy Gable and Bob Carlos Clark–the people who did the real work.

Sir: Can you please let me know whether the corsets illustrated in pages 91–97 of *Men Only*, Vol. 39, No. 9 are on sale to the public, and if so, where they can be obtained.

M. Saderery,
Herts.

All the lingerie featured plus many more exquisite articles are available from Janet Reger at Bottom Drawer, 33 Southwick Street, London, W.2 Also by Mail Order from the above address.

But is it?

Sir: Whilst reading the article by Karl Steiner entitled *Dear Sir,* (*Men Only* Vol. 39, No. 2). I realised that certain conditions analysed by him had similarities with the idea forming process in Art. It is my intention to present this page, including my own letter, together with a tape-recording of the Steiner article, in an Art context.

By printing this letter it will automatically enter one of the categories defined in the article.

Kerry M. Trengove,
Art Yard,
27, Atwood Rd.,
London.

We are delighted that the thoughts of Karl Steiner have at last found their place in the world of art, to be followed, we hope, by the thoughts of all our illustrious contributors. Not least those of our kind, handsome, charming editor himself. (Excuse this crawling, but with the cost of living the way it is . . .)

Kerry Trengove is a conceptual artist who has exhibited in

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How to Splurge on Her Christmas Luxuries Without Going Crackers or Bust

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2. Give her a Matching Pair of Balinese Chambermaids to look after the flat. Maybe they won't do twice the work of an ordinary char for half the price. But they won't half make a difference to the décor.

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OVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

France, Germany and Great Britain. He has performed his work for German T.V. and written many articles published both here and in the U.S.A. He is hoping to have an exhibition in Tokyo soon and should, by this time, have returned from a lecture tour of the States and be taking part in an exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

You may well be wondering what the hell this is all about. If you are we offer this quote from Ursula Meyer:

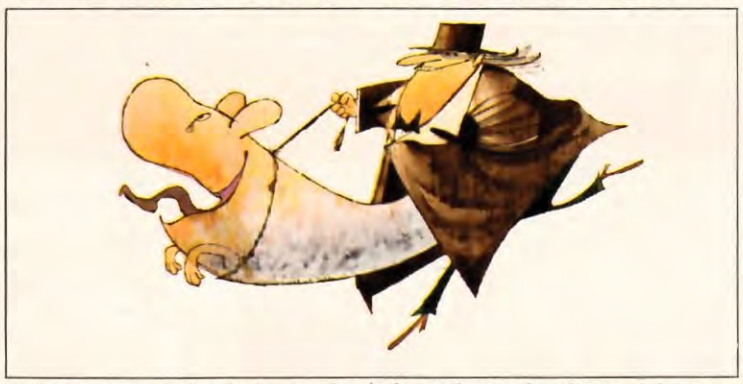
'An essential aspect of Conceptual Art is its self-reference; Conceptual Artists take over the role of critic in terms of framing their own propositions, ideas, and concepts. Often the Artists define the intentions of their work as part of their Art. Thus many Conceptual Artists advance propositions or investigations.'

So there you go. We hope, at a later date, to let you know where and when you can form a percept of this immaculate conception.

Snail's Pace

Sir: Despite the various warnings given in sexual publications about the non-existence of aphrodisiacs, I have always been on the lookout for the perfect pre-coital meal. Experts always say that it's all in the mind. It may be, I don't care, just so long as it works! Besides a special meal eaten by candlelight with your chosen partner can be a most stimulating entrée to a sexual adventure. I've tried oysters, cinnamon, onions and so on, even a number of chemical additives with very little effect. Truffles worked well, but my partner then was so wonderfully French that I'm not sure if the meal added anything at all.

On holiday this year, however, I tried *escargots* for the first time. I never really thought



of them as an aphrodisiac at the time, but afterwards! Well, I really felt randier than I have for years. I needed a girl and I was lucky enough to team up with an English teacher who was on the same tour as I was. We had an enjoyable and exhausting holiday together.

Since my return I have tried the snails just once – they're difficult to get up here – but with the same marvellous results.

What I want to say to your readers is, forget the experts, they may say there is no scientific reason for it, but keep looking for your perfect aphrodisiac. In my book if it works it works and the hell with science.

T.B.,
Bradford.

Wealer Dealers

Sir: Going through the various contact magazines and reading the cards in newsagents' windows I get the distinct impression that the number of prostitutes who provide a service for those men who like to be the subject of discipline is rising fast. Could it be that the fetish is on the increase? I must say it is a desire that I have never been able to understand.

A friend of mine says that a number of girls are turning to this particular speciality because there is less work involved. He says older prostitutes in particular favour it because they are less attractive to men and their maturity is an advantage in the flagellation trade because most masochists like to fantasise their mothers punishing them.

I don't know what the truth of the matter is. Are we turning into a nation of masochists? It

certainly seems a lot easier to get a beating than it does to get a straightforward lay.

N.T.,
Birmingham.

Karl Steiner comments: There are obviously no statistics to clarify the position in this field. It may well be true that those prostitutes who are drawn to the profession out of hatred for men find flagellation a more satisfying outlet. However, you must bear in mind that the financial rewards for this sort of service are higher; that the clients are generally better behaved and better-off than the normal, and that no real service is demanded on the part of the prostitute. It could well be that a number are turning to this speciality for these reasons.

There is no evidence that masochism amongst men is on the increase. Compared with the late Victorian era the fetish has decreased considerably. It could well be that the recent trend in publishing and all walks of life have drawn this area more readily to your attention.

As for the older ladies turning to this service, it may be so for the reasons given above, but generally the masochist's fantasy involves himself being dominated by an attractive young girl. Your friend is wrong to think that most masochists fantasise maternal punishment.

At this time, when normal sexual relationships are more readily available, it is necessary for prostitutes to cater for the less acceptable desires. In this fact, in my opinion, rests the answer to your query.

Youth and Maturity

Sir: I would like to congratulate you on the production of such a fine publication as *Men Only*, as it caters for so many different tastes. I've always been interested in readers' letters, especially those, of which there have been a nice lot recently, describing encounters between youths and mature women. Like several of your other correspondents on this fascinating topic, I am now a "respectable married man" – also a grandfather! – yet I shall never forget the wonderful lady who initiated me into the delights of sex.

I was sixteen and living in one of a pair of cottages on the outskirts of Norwich. Our neighbours were a forty-year-old widow and her twin daughters, Mary and Enid, the same age as myself. They were pretty girls (identical) with nice figures, yet the fact that there were two of them, and that they seemed always to be together, somehow inhibited me. I know it would have been a great turn-on for lots of boys (and men), but I just couldn't bring myself to grope with them, and they often teased me about my reticence, telling me that I was a "cissy", and that I needed their mother to "make a man of me".

Their mother's name was Eileen, and until a couple of years back I'd known her as Auntie Eileen. I'd never thought of her sexually in those days, nor indeed until her daughters made that remark about her making a man of me, but from that day on I began to notice her a lot and to have fantasies about her. I used to lie in bed at night and masturbate, thinking of Eileen and what she could teach me. I never for a moment really imagined that my fantasies might one

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NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON

by Colin Wilson

'In animals there is no doubt that sexuality is stimulated by the moon. Civilised man is slowly becoming independent of the moon and its cycles; unlike animals, human beings are ready for sex at any time. Yet there is still some atavistic part of us that responds to the moon, perhaps some part of the ancient animal brain.'

February 20, 1946, was the night of the full moon. In a lover's lane near Texarcana, Texas, a man and a girl were kissing. Suddenly, the door on the driver's side was jerked open. As the man turned, shouting angrily, a gun butt struck him on the forehead and he slumped over the steering wheel. The girl screamed and jumped from the car, but the man holding the gun had overtaken her within a few paces, and threw her on the ground. When she struggled, he beat her unconscious. When she woke up, in the grey dawn light, her dress and panties had been torn off, and she was sprawled on her back. Her boyfriend had a headache, and his wallet was missing, but he was otherwise unharmed. The frightened young couple dragged themselves to the nearest house, and phoned the police. An enormous manhunt began—but the police discovered no clue to the moonlight rapist.

At least this couple escaped with their lives. When the moonlight maniac struck again, one month later, the victims were less fortunate. At seven a.m., on March 24, 1946, with the full moon nearing the horizon, a man on his way to work saw a girl lying close to a parked car; most of her clothes had been torn off. A few yards away lay a man, a bullet hole behind his ear. The girl was eighteen-year-old Polly Moore, and she had been mutilated with a knife as well as raped. Richard Griffin, her twenty-four-year-old fiancé, had obviously been shot by a man who wrenched open the car door. The murder had taken place less than a mile away from the scene of the earlier rape.

On April 13, the moon was again nearing the full, and the Texarcana police were afraid the killer might strike again. At nine o'clock the following morning, their worst fears were realised. Once again, within a few hundred yards of the previous murder site: a parked car, and a man lying on his face, his head and back covered with blood. He was seventeen-year-old Paul Martin, and he had been shot three times. The girl with whom he had been on a date the previous evening, fifteen-year-old Betty Jo Booker, was missing. They found her body in a wood a few hundred yards away, almost naked, and again mutilated. It became clear that the moon maniac had tortured and raped her for several hours before killing her with two bullets in the head.

The police found no clue, except the tyre tracks of another car near the murder scene. They had found the same tracks near the scene of the original rape.

The killer struck just once more. On May 3, a retired farmer named Virgil Starks was reading his newspaper when two shots crashed through the window. He collapsed groaning; his wife rushed into the room. As she bent over her husband, the barrel of a gun poked through the window, and two more shots struck her in the face. Nevertheless, she was able to run out of the house, to a neighbour across the road. When the neighbour, carrying a shotgun, investigated, the gunman had disappeared. Virgil Starks was dead.

Then the murders stopped. The explanation may lie in an accident that took place four days after the death of Virgil Starks. A man suddenly threw himself under the wheels of an oncoming train near Texarcana. He was fairly well-dressed—obviously not a tramp—but he carried nothing in his pockets with which he might be identified. Not far away, a farmer noticed black smoke rising from a woodland area; a small car was blazing so fiercely that the engine had melted. Experts decided it had been soaked in petrol, then set on fire. The tyres were burned, of course, so the police could not compare them to those found near the murder site. Yet as the months passed by, it was clear that the crimes of the moon-mad murderer had ceased . . .

Psychiatrists who have commented on the case have no doubt that the Texarcana murderer was a "lunatic", a man seized by violent and overwhelming impulses at the time of the full moon. Admittedly, this sounds at first like some old wives' tale, like the legends of men who turn into wolves at the full moon. But police in any major city in the world will tell you that their rate of violent crime always goes up at the time of the full moon. A spokesman of the Philadelphia Police Department said in 1961: "Criminal activity—especially crimes against persons—seemed to increase as the night of the full moon drew near. People whose anti-social behaviour had psychotic roots—such as firebugs, kleptomaniacs, destructive drivers and homicidal alcoholics—seemed to go on the rampage as the moon rounded, calming down as the moon waned." And yet, in this age of computerised research, scientists still have no idea why this should be so.

It *has* been established that there is a connection between the moon and sex. All women, of course, menstruate at differ-

Illustration by Les Edwards

ent times, so you would expect the statistics of menstruation to be spread evenly over the whole month. This is not so. A recent German study showed that more women menstruate around the time of the full moon than at any other period.

The Czech scientist Eugen Jonas made an even more startling discovery. He was studying problems of contraception—and also trying to discover means of helping women who have difficulty getting pregnant—when he discovered that a woman's ability to conceive is connected to the phase of the moon that prevailed *when she was born.* This was amazing—because even if the moon has some influence on a new-born baby's hormones, you would expect it to get "out of step" over many years. Jonas also discovered that the time of ovulation—when a woman can become pregnant—is connected with the full moon. Once he knew a woman's birth-date, Jonas was able to give her a chart that would tell her precisely which days she was most likely to conceive. According to the zoologist Lyall Watson, these charts have been 98% effective – that is, as effective as the pill.

Now if the woman's sex life is connected to the moon, it is obviously likely that man's is, too. Of course, in animals the sex-appetite is released by the smell of the female on heat. But there is more to it than that. We all know about dogs that bay at the moon, and male cats that go "on the tiles" every full moon. In animals, there is no doubt that sexuality is stimulated by the moon. Civilised man is slowly becoming independent of the moon and its cycles; unlike animals, human beings are ready for sex at any time. Yet there is still some atavistic part of us that responds to the moon, perhaps some part of the ancient animal brain. And it is probably this that accounts for the phenomenon of 'lunacy'.

It seems strange that the text books on sex crime seldom have an entry on moon-madness. The only reference I have been able to find is in Paul de River's classic, *The Sexual Criminal.* De River is describing the case of Clinton DeWitt Cook, the twenty-year-old Los Angeles rapist, whose sex-crimes always occurred on the night of the full moon. Cook was a burglar as well as a rapist—because entering strange houses caused him a certain glow of excitement. On the night of the full moon in October, 1939, he attacked a girl student as she walked home, but she fought him off and escaped. On February 24, 1940, he attacked another student, Anya Sosoyeva, on the campus of Los Angeles City College; after battering her unconscious with a piece of wood—known as a two by four—he raped her. She died later. Precisely one month later, again at the time of the full moon, he attacked a seventeen-year-old girl with a golf club, but her cries drew the neighbours and Cook ran away. On August 23, another night of the full moon, he broke into a house where a seventeen-year-old girl was baby-sitting. He knocked her unconscious with a two by four, then raped her. The family found her, unconscious and naked from the waist down, when they came home. Fortunately, she survived. The following night, Cook was arrested when "prowling" in someone's backyard, and confessed to the rapes after proceeds from three hundred burglaries were found in his home.

One of the most interesting features of this case is not simply that Cook felt the urge to rape every time there was a full moon, but that for the rest of the month, he was only moderately interested in sex—he told De River that he had about three orgasms a week, and that he often found them very difficult to achieve. It was the moon that triggered his sexual urge. Also, significantly, it turned him into a club-wielding cave-man, a "primitive".

Anyone who is interested in criminology can think of a dozen examples of killers like Cook, whose violence occurs at definite intervals; yet no-one seems to have thought of asking whether it is connected to the phases of the moon. The reason may be that such crimes are not necessarily connected with the *full* moon; they may occur at other phases.

The Chicago rapist, William Heirens, has many resemblances to Cook—except that his crimes always took place in the first part of the month. Like Cook, Heirens was a burglar, and he admitted that entering strange homes through the window excited him so much that he often had an orgasm. He stole women's panties. Then, like Cook, he turned to violence. On June 3, 1945, it was a forty-three-year-old widow, whose nude body was found in her apartment with her throat slashed. Three months later, on October 1st, two shots were fired through a window at a nineteen-year-old girl, wounding her. Four days later, a prowler attacked a former army nurse with a metal bar, leaving her unconscious. On December 5, a bullet crashed through the window of a house. A married woman, seated at her kitchen table was injured slightly. Five days later occurred the notorious "lipstick murder". Frances Brown, a thirty-year-old secretary was found naked in her bathroom, a bread knife driven into her throat; over the bed, the killer had scrawled in lipstick: 'For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more – I cannot control myself.' Finally, on January 6, 1946, he entered the bedroom of six-year-old Suzanne Degnan and strangled her, then carried her to a nearby basement and chopped up her body with a knife, throwing the pieces down a drain.

Like Cook, he was caught when "prowling" in an empty apartment, and quickly admitted to the various murders and attacks. One interesting story illustrates the compulsive nature of his sex urge: on one occasion, he was so determined not to go prowling that he locked his clothes in a washroom and threw the key inside through a crack; in the middle of the night the compulsion became so overpowering that he crawled along the gutter to get his clothes, then went out.

Why did all Heirens' crimes take place in the first part of the month – between the new moon and its first quarter? It could, of course, be coincidence. But another explanation suggests itself. If the female sexual cycle is influenced by the phase of the moon that prevailed when she was born, is it not possible that the same is true for men? Could that be why the crimes of Heirens, and that other sex-murderer, Christie, took place at the beginning of the month, while those of Clinton Cook and the Texarcana murderer took place at the end?

As to Jack the Ripper, perhaps the most notorious name in the history of murder, his crimes tended to take place at the beginning *and* the end of the month, falling into a pattern which suggests that his compulsions were at their height around the 8th and the 28th of each month. The woman usually regarded as the first victim, Martha Turner, was stabbed to death on August 8, 1888. The second victim was found on August 31, the third on September 8, the fourth *and* fifth on September 30, the sixth (and most mutilated) on November 8th. The famous 'Jack the Ripper' letter was received on September 28, suggesting that the compulsion to kill was again building up. The crime expert Leonard Gribble has propounded the theory that the Ripper was a "black magician", committing the murders for some sinister ritual purpose "according to the special moon phases lending potency to the sacrifice". He also points out that the entrails of the last victim, Mary Kelly, were arranged in the form of a pentagram – a magical figure.

But what does it all *mean*? It is not only psychotics and sex-maniacs who are affected by the moon; it happens to people who are perfectly normal for the rest of the month. Any doctor in general practice will tell you that his problems tend to increase around the time of the full moon, and that his chances of getting eight hours' undisturbed sleep diminish as the moon approaches the full. A seaside doctor will tell you that things are worst of all when the tides are highest, and the influence of the moon therefore strongest.

While researching this article, I talked to a Cornish doctor – who prefers to remain name-

continued on page 18

"Look, mate, are your nuts at the side of your head?"

Zena

Photographs by Fred Enke

Zena Stendhoom is a real Dutch treat for the eyes, no matter which side of the Channel one hails from. And although to us she's a fine foreign filly, no translation is needed for understanding Zena's body language.

This admirable facility for communicating her thoughts through use of her splendid figure is something that came quite natural to eighteen-year-old Miss Stendhoom. It was the result of liberal parental attitudes, and the stimulating environment of Amsterdam's own 'Left-Bank' area.

"The student part of Amsterdam is really a swinging place," Zena told us. "To me it seems a combination of the best of London's Soho district, New York's Greenwich Village and Paris's Montmartre. Not that I've been to those scenes, but that is how I imagine it."

Zena grew up loving the sun and the flow of water over her finely complexioned skin The most relaxing thing she can think of doing after a hard day's work as a translator in a large Amsterdam merchant bank is to sunbathe nude in the high-walled garden of her father's suburban home.

When the Dutch sun gets too hot for comfort, Zena plunges into the family swimming pool:

"It's a marvellous sensation," she says, in her delightfully accented English. "Rather like steel being tempered. You heat the skin until it's almost ready to melt, then shock it with cold water. It's healthy, too. It makes strong skin, so that when you go ski-ing in the winter the cold doesn't bother you at all."

Zena's mother, who is German, and more practical, shakes her head in mock dismay over her daughter's theories. "She would be better off learning how to cook and take care of a husband instead of worrying all the time about swimming and getting a good sun-tan."

But the independent-minded Zena isn't thinking about marriage much these days. Once though, the idea appealed to her in an adolescent way, as she explains:

"About a year ago I went through a period when I had a great fantasy about being married. I was doing a bit of modelling at the time, and met many handsome men, which I suppose had a lot to do with it. I even got to the stage when I was writing notes in my diary, trying different names: Mrs Zena Shoemaker; Mrs Zena Fletcher; Mrs Zena Carlsberg; Mrs Zena Zuttgarten. But somehow I never did find a name I felt really comfortable with . . ."

With a bright smile Zena admits that this attitude was quite unreasonable, and devoid of any logic, save that of a liberated woman. But she's quite adamant that she's put thoughts of marriage right out of her mind for the moment:

"I don't want to argue about it – my parents always try to debate the

question and it gets very tiresome. I think that when I meet a man I want to marry, I'll really know it. For a start, his name will sound just right with mine! Yes, of course, he'll have other attributes. He'll have to be a good swimmer and like sun-bathing. Oh, and have a vast amount of money, of course!"

But, of course. The seemingly casual Miss Stendhoom is used to a certain amount of luxury, and has her heart set on, among other goodies, a Cadillac car, a house in the woodlands around Amsterdam ("With a private lake where I could swim naked and go brown whenever I liked") and freedom to travel to places where the sun never sets.

"And then there's a little boat, well, not so little perhaps, but a sail-boat anyway, with a long pine-scented deck for me to lie on and a little cabin in case it gets cold. Oh, yes, and big spacious bunks, a little stove to make coffee on, a drinks cabinet and perhaps a swinging table so we could eat as we swished along. Maybe it wouldn't be such a little boat after all.

"We could have a little pony, yes?"

Well why not? But she wasn't asking me. Whoever she was asking stood a long way away, just above my head and over the horizon.

"Just a little pony, with a glossy skin and great gliding shoulder muscles. I'd like a pony too."

Somehow we get the feeling, when seeing the extent of Zena's sensual powers, that she won't have an awful long time to wait before these simple ambitions are achieved. The main problem seems to be finding the man with a name that fits in with hers.

NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON

continued from page 12

less – who told me that cases of "weird behaviour", of sudden rage and wife-beating, usually happen at the time of the full moon. The patients may be otherwise mentally normal. And Dr Arthur Guirdham, formerly head psychiatric consultant to the Bath area, gave me a specific example. The middle-class parents of a teenage boy mentioned to him several times that their son was affected by the full moon, and finally persuaded him to come to dinner on such a night. Halfway through dinner, they heard strange bangs from upstairs. They went into the boy's room. He was sleeping in a kind of metal cot with barred sides. And when they entered, he was walking steadily around the top of the barred sides, with the unerring skill of a tightrope walker. He was fast asleep. The father explained that his son had no idea of what happened at the time of the full moon. He felt tired the next morning, that was all.

The strange thing is that modern textbooks of psychology ignore these facts which are known to every doctor. 'Lunacy', according to them, is an ancient superstition preached by cranks. Paracelsus – generally known as a "magician" – taught that the insane become more violent at the "dark of the moon" (i.e. the new moon), which may explain why Heirens killed during this period. For many centuries, Paracelsus was one of the greatest influences on the teaching of medicine in Europe. Many lunatic asylums used to beat their patients at the new moon and the full moon, to make them less prone to violence. In the 19th century, this came to be regarded as the grossest superstition. It was still recognised that mental patients are often at their worst at the period of the full moon, but this was attributed to the light, which kept them awake. Robert Eisler, a Babylonian scholar who wrote a book to debunk astrology, declared that "the thinnest of sheets" would keep out the moonlight and give patients a good night's sleep. The people who had to run the mental homes knew better, and continued to hire more help on the nights of the full moon.

Oddly enough, Eisler could be right about one thing: that it is the light of the moon that causes the trouble. An American army doctor, attempting to solve the problem of why some women have irregular menstrual cycles, tried getting them to sleep with their bedroom light on during the three nights of the full moon. The result was that their menstrual cycles returned to normal. Presumably sleeping outdoors in the moonlight would have had the same effect. Female bodily cycles are geared to the moon, and our civilised habit of sleeping indoors with the curtains drawn throws their instincts out of gear.

Still, there can be no doubt that the moon's influence is due to more than its light. Patients locked in padded cells, without windows, still respond to it. And the mystery only began to deepen when scientists like Professor Alexander Thom and Professor Gerald Hawkins produced evidence that seemed to show that ancient stone monuments like Stonehenge were actually prehistoric lunar observations. Why should our prehistoric ancestors – more than a thousand years before the coming of the Druids or the Romans – take such an interest in the heavens? What was even more amazing to scientists like Hawkins and Fred Hoyle is that these observatories could measure with incredible accuracy. The moon deviates from its regular course by an almost unnoticeable quantity – 0.9 degrees over a long period. Yet when Hawkins and Thom began to study the methods of observation used by the builders of Stonehenge and Callanish (in the Hebrides), they discovered that this 0.9 degrees had been recognised more than three thousand years ago. (It was not discovered by modern astronomers until Tycho Brahe in the 17th century). Why did prehistoric man *want* to observe the moon so minutely?

Perhaps the most fascinating answer has been suggested by the scholar and occultist, John Michell, in his book *The View Over Atlantis*. Michell believes that our ancestors were deeply concerned to predict the exact time of lunar eclipses. Why? Because at these times, the strange flow of force between the moon and the earth was temporarily cut off. And why should that make any difference? Because, Michell believes, the surface of the earth is permeated with various "forces" that can deeply influence man. The withdrawal of the moon naturally influenced the balance of these forces.

"He should be helping us win this bloody war, not standing around playing with himself!"

It sounds slightly mad, but the evidence to support it is impressive. To begin with, these "lines of x force" were recognised by the ancient Chinese. They run over the surface of the earth, and also over the surface of the human body. On the human body, the places where they converge are called acupuncture points. And, as everyone knows, the science of acupuncture has now been widely accepted in Europe by the medical profession. An acupuncture specialist inserts needles in a certain point, vibrates them – and causes a pain to disappear from another point in the body. Chinese doctors perform complicated surgery with the aid of a few acupuncture needles. Even in England, many dentists now use acupuncture instead of conventional anaesthetic, and their patients affirm that they feel no pain. So it may not be an unreasonable inference that if the Chinese are right about the lines of force on the human body, they may also be right about the lines of force on the surface of the earth – which they call "dragon paths".

In the 1920s, a Hereford businessman named Alfred Watkins noticed on his country walks that many ancient paths ran across country in lines that were as straight as the strands of a spider's web. Sometimes these paths were no longer visible, yet could still be traced by a line of farm gates running clear to the horizon, sometimes towards a distant hilltop. Watkins wrote about his discovery in a book called *The Old Straight Track*, and soon hundreds of ramblers were marking these tracks on their ordnance survey maps. Serious archaeologists refused to have anything to do with such ideas, which seemed to them as absurd as the belief in fairies. (In many cases – especially in Ireland – these tracks were known to the locals as "fairy tracks"). Watkins called his "old straight tracks" leys. It was John Michell who concluded that perhaps these leys are the same as the Chinese lines of power, "dragon paths".

In recent years, it has been pointed out many times that similar strange markings appear on the remote plains of South America. In his best-selling *Chariots of the Gods?*, Erik von Daniken suggested that they may be prehistoric airstrips for the landing of flying saucers. Daniken is not generally taken seriously by students of these matters – in spite of the huge sales of his books – but many scientists have observed the same markings. For example, Professor Gerald Hawkins went to the site of these strange markings in Peru, and wrote about them in his book *Beyond Stonehenge*. They certainly look incredible – long straight lines, sometimes stretching for miles. Moreover, some of them are *not* visible from the ground, but only from the air. They were made by removing stones and pebbles so as to expose the darker soil. There are also immense figures of men, serpents, and concentric circles. John Michell is again inclined to believe that Daniken's "air-strips" are actually "dragon paths", leys indicating lines of power. The giant figures of men – like those cut in the chalk of some English hillsides – may be intended to indicate that there is a close relation between the lines of power on the earth, and those on the human body.

Yet even if this is true – and it has a boldness that appeals

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SEXUAL SUPERLATIVES

by G. L. Simons

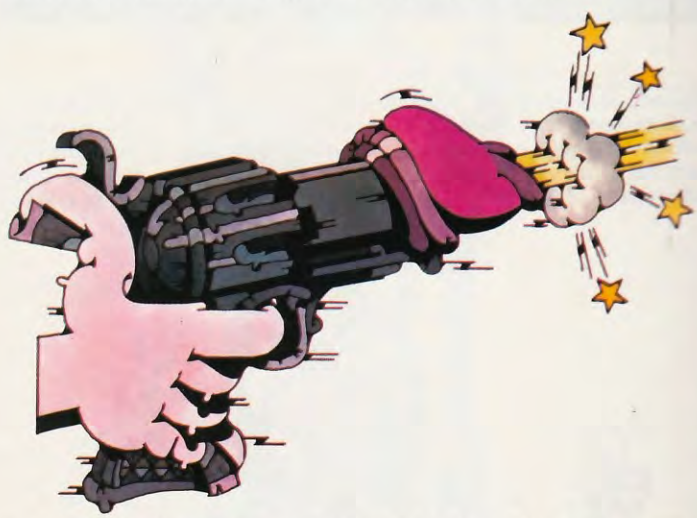
The second part of our astonishing three-part series culled especially for Men Only *readers from what promises to be the best-selling book of next year.* The Simons Book of Sexual Records *(to be released in January, 1975, by Star Books, 75p), compiled by the well-known author, G. L. Simons, will be to the world of erotica what 'The Guinness Book of Records' has been to the academic world. A bizarre, sometimes shocking, often hilarious and always educational collection of unknown sexual facts and taboos, it will be indispensable to those with an interest in erotica. Our extracts are merely a modest portion of this unique collector's item.*

Sexual behaviour – most inhibited species

Man, proud of his imagined superiority over the rest of the animal kingdom, can hardly be rated a winner in the sexual stakes. His sexual organs are neither the largest nor the most impressive performers; his copulatory capacities are out-stripped by many animal species; and he is hardly the most prolific reproductively. In addition man is much more likely to get sexual hang-ups than any other animal. If a snake fancies a bit of necrophilia, a marten a bit of rape, or a porpoise a bit of group sex, then such individuals are unlikely to experience inhibiting feelings of guilt at the thought. Man, however, is beset by anxiety, fear, guilt and moral loathing with regard to many fancied sexual activities: few individuals indeed have come to terms with their sexuality. With all his psychosexual problems man is without doubt the most sexually inhibited among animal species.

Orgasm (men) – fastest

It is interesting to note how quickly the 'pre-adolescent' can respond to sexual stimulation. Kinsey tabulated the percentage of the population who could respond to the point of orgasm in less than ten seconds of sexual stimulation. No less than 6.4 per cent of pre-adolescents could achieve orgasm in less than ten seconds of sexual



stimulation. And a quarter of all those tested could manage orgasm in less than one minute. Kinsey notes that erection is much quicker in pre-adolescent boys than in adults; and some two-year-olds come to climax in less than ten seconds.

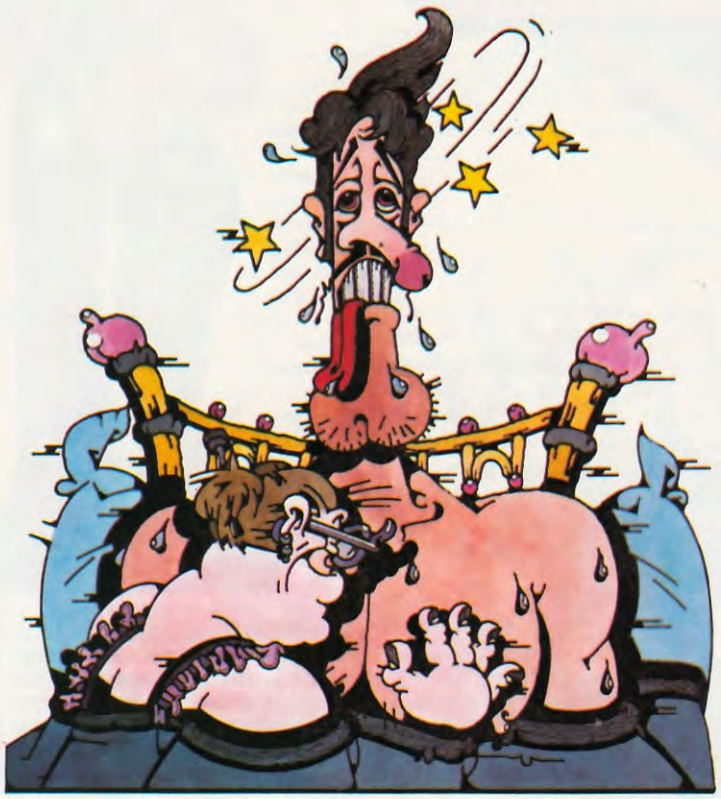
Sexual response – latest

The capacity for sexual response varies enormously throughout the population. As we know babies of only a few months are sometimes capable of the most extreme sexual responses. At the other end of the scale some people never experience erotic arousal—or scarcely recognise it when they do. In the Kinsey survey women were noted who experienced

their first sexual response when they were over thirty years of age. There is something rather sad about such a circumstance. Sexual experience, so fructifying in human beings, is surely the birthright of us all. That it should occur so late in some people may reasonably be regarded as a cause for social concern.

Orgasm – latest

Kinsey also went to some lengths to ascertain the 'age at first response to orgasm'. We have already indicated the youngest orgasms for both girls and boys. At the other extreme there are many women who reached their late forties without experiencing orgasm. In particular Kinsey notes three women who had not reached their first orgasm until they were between forty-eight and fifty. It should be stressed however that lack of orgasm is not synonymous with lack of sexual response, and that a very satisfying sex-life can coexist with lack of orgasm.



Orgasm – most extreme reaction

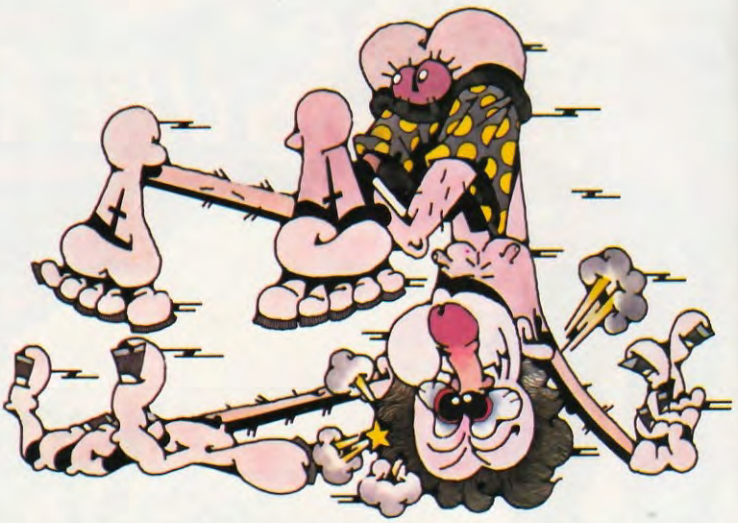
Orgasm, stressing the body in various ways, has been known to produce some dire consequences. Kinsey again:- 'At orgasm some individuals may remain unconscious for a matter of seconds or even for some minutes'. Kinsey also notes more than a dozen authorities—from Roubaud (1876) to Brown and Kempton (1950)—

Illustrations by David Roe

who recorded 'loss of sensory capacity or even of consciousness during extreme emotion or sexual arousal'. And orgasm has been known to accompany a variety of forms of damage to the body—including lesions and ruptures of various organs. Death has also occurred from time to time!

Orgasm (men) – least common types

In the Kinsey delineation around three per cent of men experience an orgasm of a particularly severe kind. Here there can be extreme



trembling, collapse, loss of colour, and sometimes total loss of consciousness. This type of orgasm is said to occur sometimes with a boy's first sexual experience and not thereafter. In only very few cases do such extreme orgasmic reactions occur with every (or even a majority of) sexual encounters. Extreme sexual response of this sort is thought to be more common among females.

Orgasm (men) – most frequent (fact)

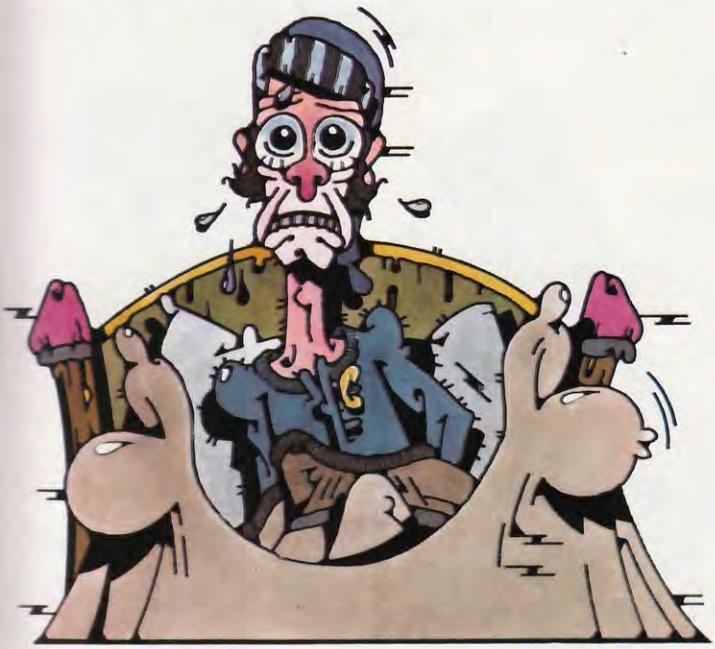
Frequency of orgasm has, like most other male sexual parameters, often been taken as defining sexual worth. The more orgasms the better, has been a general cry. It would not help the ego of most

men to learn they can generally be beaten in this area by young boys. In the Kinsey data, in a series of 182 observed cases, 81 of the pre-adolescent boys achieved orgasm only once, 17 achieved it twice, 42 achieved it three, four, or five times in succession, 30 achieved it from six to ten times in succession. The undisputed record was 21 orgasms in a row. One eleven-month-old baby boy managed 14 orgasms in 38 minutes; one eleven-year-old had eleven orgasms in an hour; a fourteen-year-old had eleven orgasms in four hours, and so on and so forth. It should be remembered that such startling multiorgasmic capabilities are generally lost at the time when orgasm is accompanied by the ejaculation of semen. At the same time there are some adult men who achieved high orgasmic performance over a long period. Kinsey records the case of one

man who had three orgasms a day over a period of 30 years, and one who averaged 33.1 orgasms a week over a 30-year period.

Orgasm (men) - least frequent

Some men are not so hot on orgasms. In cases of total impotence it is quite possible for a man never to have an orgasm throughout his life. Where orgasm does occur, but very infrequently, there may be no more than a single orgasm in many years. Kinsey records the case of one unfortunate man who experienced a single orgasm in a 30-year period.

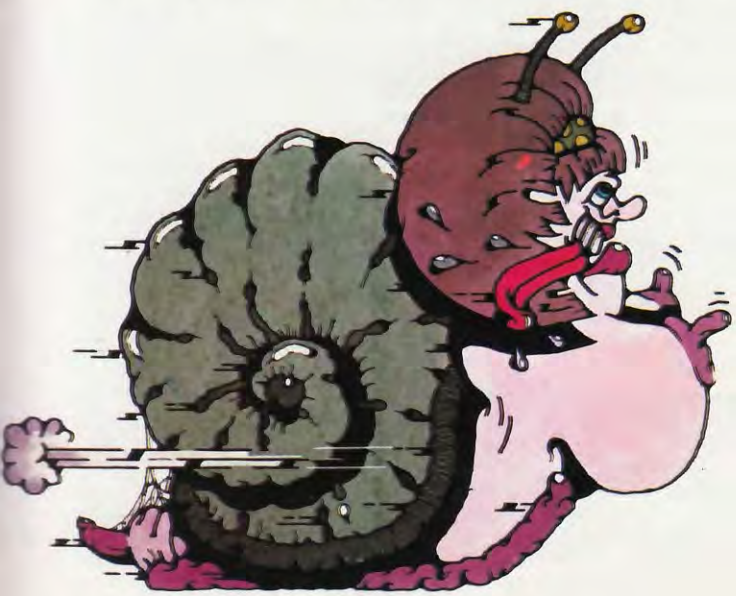


Orgasm (women) - fastest

We are all led to believe that women are slower to achieve orgasm than are men. This is a more complicated picture than it seems – not least because, as some have argued, coitus itself may not be the more effective way to arouse a woman. Be this as it may it is still true that many women respond very quickly to sexual stimulation. Fisher notes that in one series of surveys the average woman seemed to require about eight minutes to achieve orgasm – 'but it should be emphasised that there was remarkable individual variation, with some women requiring as little as one minute and others requiring as much as 30 minutes to reach orgasm'. If, in a relatively small research survey, women were found who could achieve orgasm in less than one minute it is reasonable to surmise that some would require only forty or fifty seconds to achieve the same result. And doubtless there are some 'freakish' folk requiring much less time than this; for instance, the woman noted by Pomeroy, who achieved orgasm two-to-five seconds after penile insertion.

Orgasm (women) - slowest

In the Fisher study some women required as much as thirty minutes' stimulation to achieve orgasm. This is a relatively long time but perhaps such women are consoled at the thought that some of their sexually active sisters never have orgasm at all and are perfectly happy. As we have suggested before, it is a mistake to think that a sexually satisfactory life needs to be punctuated at regular intervals by well-defined orgasms. The tardy orgasm may or may not cause distress, but it should always be stressed that there is more to sex than orgasm.

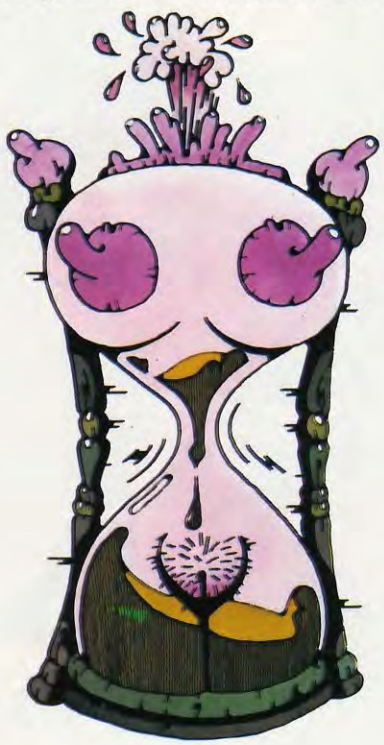


Orgasm (women) - most frequent

If the feminists want evidence of female superiority to men in the sexual sphere they should look to female multiorgasmic capabilities. In a *Playboy* interview with Timothy Leary we learn of the effects of LSD on a woman's orgasmic capacities:
'Playboy: We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasm find themselves capable of multiple orgasms under LSD. Is that true?
Leary: In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman can have several hundred orgasms.
Playboy: Several *hundreds*?
Leary: Yes. Several hundred.'
That female orgasms can be reckoned in hundreds – in the most extreme cases – in a single session may seem absurd. There is a body of evidence however to suggest that such a possibility could obtain in fact. Brecher, for instance, quotes the experience of a male participant in the Sexual Freedom Movement – 'I would estimate that she experienced between one hundred and two hundred orgasms during the four-hour period. Her orgasms were quite obviously physiological; there was no possibility of "pretending".' Pomeroy notes 'one woman who was capable of from fifteen to twenty orgasms in twenty minutes'. Cauthery and Cole declare that 'the world's standing record is one hundred in one hour', though they give no reference for this remarkable accomplishment.

Orgasm (women) - longest

The idea of orgasm as *climax* suggests that it is soon over, and this is indeed true. At the same time a single orgasm can sometimes roll on and on with the man – or more likely the woman – carried along on waves of bliss. According to Fisher the typical female orgasm lasts from six to ten seconds. In a few extreme cases in the various samples it was reported that orgasm lasts 'more than twenty seconds'. With the general spread of human ability we may expect a record orgasm to last for around half a minute!



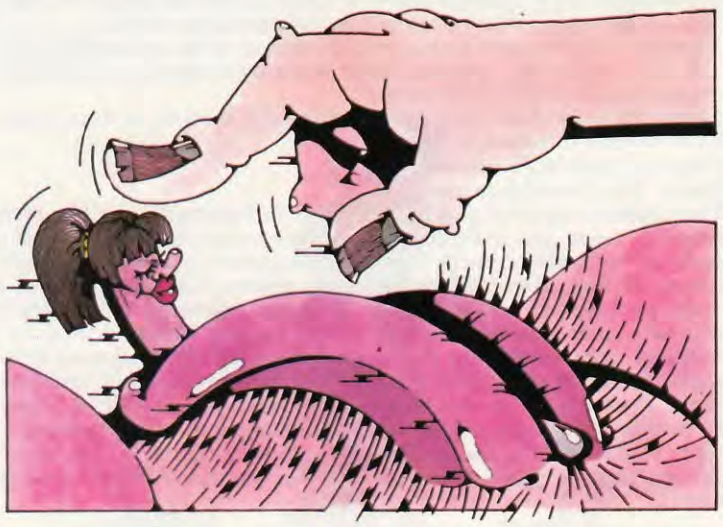
Orgasm (women) - shortest

Some orgasms are so brief and inconsequential that there is considerable doubt as to whether they even happened at all. Clearly, in such circumstances, a just-discernible orgasm could last for only a fraction of a second. Fisher came across women who claimed that their orgasms lasted for a second or two.

Erogenous zone (women) - most sensitive

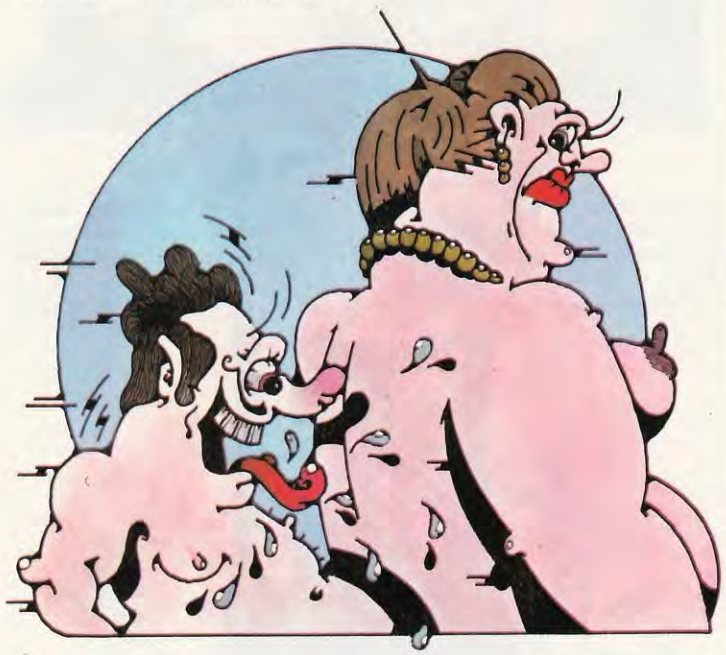
We are always being told these days that the clitoris, richly

equipped as it is with nerves, is the most sexually sensitive part of a woman's anatomy. It is probably true, but the thing should not be got out of proportion. Sexual arousal is more 'fancying' someone than having the right bits of flesh stimulated. The clitoris may be useful to know about but it is certainly not a magic switch. And handled carelessly or roughly it can certainly be counter-productive. In the Fisher survey, women rated sexual foreplay to produce greatest excitement in the clitoris. It is of some interest that women who have lost their clitoris – through accident or necessary operation – are still capable of immense sexual excitement by hand- or mouth-stimulation of the general clitoral area.



Erogenous zone (women) - least sensitive

Many men are keen to play with a woman's vulva; women are often relatively indifferent to such activity – particularly if the man focuses on the outer lips. The inside lips *(labia minora)* are usually highly sensitive, the outer lips *(labia majora)* much less so. The women surveyed by Fisher rated the sexual excitement areas in the following sequence – clitoris, vagina near clitoris, inside lips of vulva, inside vagina, and breasts. The outside lips of the vulva were rated the least excitable of all.



Sex aid - oldest

When we survey all the sex aid paraphernalia in the modern magazines we may be forgiven for thinking that such things are a product of modern 'permissiveness'. Clearly the ancient Romans did not have the opportunity to play around with electronic vibrators – but they had a variety of gadgets that have hardly been surpassed today. And even older peoples have used sex aid devices, eg dildoes. In sculptures from ancient Babylon the dildo (artificial penis) is clearly shown, and such implements were equally common in Ancient India, China and elsewhere. And the elaborate dildoes mentioned in Ezekiel XVI, 17 ('Thou hast also taken thy fair jewels of my gold and of my silver, which I had given thee, and madest to thyself images of men, and didst commit whoredom with them') may surprise a few people acquainted only with Sunday School scripture.

Sexual response - first compared with epileptic seizure

Sexual response has been compared with fainting, epileptic seizure and death! Some of the earliest sexological writers have compared sexual response with manifestations of epilepsy. Among the Greeks, for instance, Democritus (around 420 B.C.) has been quoted as saying that orgasm is like a small epileptic seizure. Clement of Alexandra said similar things, as did Aretaeus (2nd to 3rd century A.D.) in his 'On the Cure of Chronic Diseases'. It has been pointed out by Kinsey that in the modern medical literature erection and ejaculation are sometimes listed as epileptic sequelae.

Dreams without orgasm - most frequent types

The patterns of sexual dreaming are partly conditioned by whether the dreamer has had sexual experience in particular areas. Havelock Ellis, Moll, Kinsey and others have discussed the relation of dreams to actual experience. Kinsey found that thirty-six per cent of women without 'overt experience' actually had dreams about coitus: this was the most frequent type of dream, the next most likely being homosexual contact (16 per cent). It is curious that of those *with* experience prior to the interview only thirty per cent had dreams, without an accompanying orgasm, about coital activity.

Frigidity - lowest estimate of incidence

It has been suggested by many liberal sexologists that there is in fact no such thing as a frigid woman, that women thinking themselves to be frigid either do not have a sexual partner whom they love or have been given wrong information about the nature of orgasm. Thus the Hegelers state that: 'In all the cases in which contended frigidity has been carefully examined it has been found that the woman in question certainly did have sexual feelings'.

Frigidity - highest estimate of incidence

There are the moralistic estimates of frigidity and there are also the medical (or pseudo-medical). Much of what is meant by frigidity in the specialist literature is open to question. Does, for instance, lack of orgasm equate with frigidity? Personally I do not believe it. Before any adequate evaluation can be made of the incidence of frigidity it is necessary to define one's terms – but this is hardly the place to embark upon any such semantic digression. In the medical literature, it has been suggested that up to 70 per cent of all women are frigid. Bergler has suggested that frigidity is a problem that 'concerns from 70 to 80 per cent of all women'; Knight wrote that 'perhaps 75 per cent of all married women derive little or no pleasure from the sexual act'. And a similar estimate is made by Kroger and Freed.

Orgasm (men) – most common types

Kinsey delineated six types of male orgasm. In part the types vary according to the intensity of the reaction exhibited. The most common type of male orgasm—supposedly characterising about 45 per cent of adult males—features some body tension. There may also be twitching or tension in one or both legs, of the mouth, of the arms, or of other particular parts of the body. There is gradual build-up to a climax which involves rigidity of the whole body and a degree of throbbing in the penis. There is orgasm with a few spasms but little after-effect. This is seen as the most common type of male orgasm.

NORFOLK BROADS

by Brian O'Hanlon/Photographs by Amnon Bar-Tur

Our man about town takes to the water in an attempt to illustrate that messing about on the river can be fun. With a luxury Moonraker 36 at his command and two beautiful young ladies to help him while away the hours, he couldn't help but have a highly enjoyable time.

When I was a tiny boy it was rude to stare. Everyone said so. My parents, who weren't everyone, said so. So it must have been right. I don't know how they got on when they holidayed on the Norfolk Broads in 1930 because nautical personnel there do nothing else but stare.

They are divided into two groups. The Do-ers and the Watchers. The Do-ers chug around playing water dodgems. The Watchers sit, stone-faced, waiting for Nemesis in the form of a three-foot bow wave to engulf them. Then these two major classes divide within themselves. There are Yacht Do-ers and Dinghy Do-ers. They don't speak to each other unless they really have to. The rule of the river is that you drive on the right and that power gives way to sail . . . and they both give way to the River Police.

The watchers are the fishermen, weather-tanned, hunched like Indian Scouts in the bullrushes, their pencil point rods poking out into the river with a stoic belligerence for all the huffing, puffing and Luffing done afloat by the Do-ers. All Do-ers have to give way to all Watchers.

Horning is as good a place to stare as anywhere on the Broads. I recommend it to beginners. The difficult moment comes when you meet your first stare. Turn your

eyes away and they will know *that (a) you have hired your boat and (b) this is your first holiday on the Broads. The trick is to return the stare without smiling. You'll stand a good chance of being thought a resident and people will smile at you.*

I bagged my first Watcher the very first morning. I was at the wheel of our Moonraker 36. It's a sea-going luxury motor yacht and our travel team was en route to find a quiet Broad for our own broads. I had done all right down the Z.11 in my Vauxhall and could see no reason why the Moonraker's bridge should be denied me. I pushed the two little levers smartly forward; the boat gave one bloody great leap and a nutmeg gnome in oilskins fishing on the bank, disappeared at once.

When the fisherman reappeared he hadn't changed position. He stared and the traditional cry of the Broads echoed across the water: 'Bastards!'

Up ahead now were three much smaller boats. Motor cruisers, explained my guide. They had their sails up and were conducting some sort of water shalom around an irate little man in a rowing boat, with his dog, bang in the middle. Dog might be man's best friend but man was wearing the life jacket.

"Fanks! Fanks very much! I'll do the bleedin' same for you lot, one day . . ."

One of 'the lot' had charged the bank and was having trouble finding reverse.

"Har! Stuck on the mud, eh? Serves you fucking right!"

It's the captain, clad in traditional British working class nautical attire of white open-necked shirt and braces.

"Garn! Fuck arf! Arseholes!"

The other two boats kept on ramming each other bellowing about who had the right of way.

As it turned out, I did. The Moonraker glided right through the middle. I fixed them both with a beady eye. A real hard stare.

My guides were John Berry, the Moonraker Company's Marketing Director and Tony Hamerton, a smooth young doctor's son, who had just joined the company as its local P.R. man. I was quite beside myself with the various oddities one comes across on the Norfolk Broads. A bank-side house with a working windmill in the roof, a rather posh bloke who'd bought a boat too big for his own boat-house and parked it outside on the river to show off.

We passed wooden riverside bungalows and homes, many redolent of the twenties and thirties, with cricket pavilion type verandahs. One could imagine the between the wars scenarios of Oxford bags, well-cut, double-breasted blazers and gay young witless things with Jean Harlow hair styling.

Two things struck me about the Broads. Neatness and serenity. Where private properties about the water there is not a blade of grass out of place. Straight and square wooden planking stands secure and straight. It all looked rather like a fresh-cut watercress sandwich. One can still pick up these properties from £5,000 to £6,000. It's cold and bleak in winter, of course, but many Londoners and Midlanders find a Norfolk Broads retreat their sole sanity preserver.

From Ranworth, where the Moonraker was moored, we went up river to Horning, one of the Broads' most popular spots. Just before the Sailing Club is the Swan. *In front, in the garden, was the unmistakeable furore of a rugger party warming up. Three burly lands held each other's hands with mock effeminacy and danced about, singing: "How*

many queers can you pull by the ears in an English country ga-ahr-den!" They pulled each other's ears and then chanted: "Woof-woof, woof-woof, all fall down!"

When we were almost out of earshot the rugby crowd changed its tune. "Good evening, Mrs Wood, is tuppence any good for a sniff of your old, sniff sniff, jam roll!"

"Ho! Mein Gott!" said Amnon Bar-Tur, Men Only*'s photographer, suddenly appearing on deck. "Are they dronk already?"*

"No," said Mr Hamerton. "Not already. Presently."

We turned off the main stream into a private broad and our own appeared, too. Yasmin, almond-eyed, half-Siamese, a well-brought up beauty from Bournemouth who rides horses and Helen, blonde, Scandinavian-looking, from Welling in Kent. Quiet, reserved, defensive.

We find a blissfully tranquil cul-de-sac. Secluded, apart from two far-off mansions clustered by

trees with vast lawns sweeping down to the water's edge. The models strip bare to workaday unselfconsciousness.

Two friendly swans come up and complete the rustic setting. Rugs, lilos, cushions; all the appurtenances of the glamour photographic trade are on call.

But the word has got around. Our privacy is soon invaded by the pleasure boats and their mentors with megaphones.

"Over there's the Men Only *boat with a photographic session going on!" Heads turn. Men's immediately. Women's as an inquisitive afterthought. Two young chaps in a sailing dinghy come rather close. "Would you like the girls to come in your boat and be photographed with you?" asks Amnon. Ghastly male confusion. They look at each other, uncomfortably and have a muttered discussion. "Er, no thanks, if you don't mind," they reply, eventually and push off.*

The day completed we return down river. Where the water

odgems chugged is peace. They re moored. Everyone is simply aring at everyone. A bitchy-oking wife fishes with a dis-runtled look that says it will be lacton and the regular board-g house next year. Her husband eems to be having difficulty in e bushes. At any rate he's hav-g a very good swear. We pass e Swan. The rugger players are full voice. One appears to have st his trousers. Another ap-ears to have fallen into the water. hey are now singing about the xual life of a camel.

We are now approaching my ctim of the morning. Still fish-g. Same position. He gazes at e with mounting malevolence. slow Moonraker to one knot and are at him with lofty disdain.

The Broads make one glow ith health, thirst and hunger. A entle induction. Not as savage s the sea but that feeling of redness caused by enjoyment.

Next time I am in the area I m going on a sea trial. There are o hundred Moonrakers made ch year at Brundall. They cost 25,000 each when they are new nd there is a waiting list. They me with showers, loos, table tlery, etc. but you must bring ur own women. This is the boat r the man who hasn't yet got erything until he buys it. There central heating, radar and an utomatic pilot which enables the lucky owner to steer by button control when he's sunbathing with the lucky girl on the top deck. It sleeps five to eight persons—or one rugger team and their birds sleeping four in a bunk.

Tony Hamerton winces at the thought. We are in his office, at Brundall, minutes from Norwich. All is serene. My gaze travels upwards above Mr Hamerton's desk. On the wall are "The rules for the use of power driven boats". To quote just a few:

When meeting those larger than yourself—make your own arrangements.

Always assume that rowing boats are out of control.

Always assume that sailing boats are out of control.

Always assume that you are IN control.

In case you should reach the open sea:-

(a) Avoid everything.

(b) Give way to everything—except despair.

When using the smallest cabin:-

(a) go in backwards.

(b) bend forward in semi-crouching position.

Get your priorities right. Always ensure an adequate supply of gin.

But they don't say anything about staring. Somebody should because I still think it's rude.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

By Spike Milligan

Life in the trenches did have its funnier moments, and who better than Mr Milligan to recall them? With his Ross rifle, tin hat and very muddied boots, he fought his own unique kind of war.

I am in Australia. I'm staying with my mother in a place *called Woy Woy (woy it is* called Woy Woy Ioy don't know). The old-fashioned wooden bush telephone rattles – it's a call from England!

"Hello, sport – beaut call," I say. It's my manager: "Paul Raymond Publications *demand* you write, of all things, (wait for it) the most unforgettable Christmas you had in the services during the war."

Well, I *could* conclude by saying *all* of them. I mean, it was wonderful! The Germans and us fired shells at each other with Goodwill and love to all Men.

Gunner White wrote on all shells, 'Merry Christmas Fritz', and when they got hit by that, it was the Last Noel. Oh yes!

I remember sitting huddled in an OP and Lt Walker listening for the distant carol singing. 'Oh Tannenbaum schoen Tannerbaum' would waft from German trenches and we would take a bearing on it with a holly decorated Prismatic Compass, and then *fire* on them!

Infantry Sergeants would instruct their Bren Gunners, "Use yer red and green tracer tonight, lads, it's more seasonal, looks like airborne 'olly, and *try* and not to kill too many of them. Remember, it's Christmas."

Ah yes! I remember those khaki Christmases. As to *the* most unforgettable, I'll have to try and remember it.

There was the first one at Bexhill-on-Sea. Some of the Battery had been given leave, and on Christmas Eve, 1940, I was in an OP at Galley Hill, Bexhill. It was very cold, the glass of the OP steamed up with the heat of my vibrant young porridge and lease lend filled body, being nourished by nips from a bottle of Johnnie Walker, a present from my parents. It arrived only three-quarters full as my father wanted to be sure it hadn't been 'watered'.

I peered out into the pitch black of the English Channel. The bastards! They were only twenty miles away, I imagined Adolf Hitler, stark naked, chasing Eva Braun with a sprig of mistletoe tied to his willy – "Kom on mein darling – haff fun! It is Christmischer!" And there was me, alone, skint, three fags, and four hours of duties. The telephone buzzed.

"World War II answering," I said.

There was a burst of stifled laughter from the other end, then a voice disguised as a ruptured Etonian said:

"Hell-o, who is that?"

"Gunner Milligan, sir, trainee coward."

Another burst of suppressed laughter. I daren't be rude in case it was an officer. "Is everything all right?"

"All right? Haven't you heard? There's a war on! Er, who *is* that, sir?"

"The duty officer."

"I don't recognise your voice, sir."

"I've got a cold."

"Yes, but who are you . . . sir?"

"It's Lt Shag-a-dog-down-dead." A burst of hysterical laughter, then he hung up. It rang again. "Command Post – if that's Lt Shag-a-dog-down-dead he can piss off."

"How dare you! This is Captain Martin. Have you been drinking, Milligan? It's a serious offence when on duty."

At which moment there was a terrific explosion from the minefield to the right – "Was that you, Milligan?"

"No, sir, I've never had it that bad, sir."

"Well, what was it?"

"I don't know, sir, but I think it's pronounced B–A–N–G."

"Go and see what it was, man – hurry – my party starts in half-an-hour."

"Yes, sir." I grab my Ross Rifle, tin hat, and grope into the dark. How do you look for a bang that's gone?

I run down the hill – the grass in the minefield is on fire. I shine my torch, visions of catching German paratroopers. Nothing. A policeman, I remember his name, Constable Nobbs. "What happened then?" (a Sussex accent).

"There was an explosion from there," I pointed to the burning grass. "I think a *mine* went off." He shone *his* torch.

"Now, you're a soldier, can a mine go orf on eets own?"

I knew the answer. "No."

"You sure?"

I knew the answer to that. "No, I'm not." I hear the sound of a fire engine bell. As it approaches people open windows and shout, "Shhh."

A creaky, commandeered butcher's van is coming up the hill. It's pulling a portable fire appliance – Hooray! It's the Bexhill-on-Sea ARP Fire Brigade. Little old men, some still in their pyjamas, fall off it and start pulling a hose towards the burning grass. Just in time we stop them walking into a mine*field.*

"We'll have to use high pressure," says one who is doing nothing and is, therefore, in English law, in charge. But wait – "Where's the nearest fire point?" he asks the policeman.

"There's nort one eere – nearest is Sea Road."

"Our hoses won't reach that far – ahh." The fire chief held one finger in the air – "The sea! Get the suction end in the sea, lads." Two little men, their necks bent double under the weight of their steel helmets, threw their hose over the cliff. Clunk! the tide's out.

"Get down and pull it into the sea," shouts fire chief; so two little men start a perilous journey after it. "Hurry!" shouted the leader. "I think the fire's going out." They hadn't had a good fire since the war started, their morale was one hundred per cent filled with Churchill's speeches and this was their first chance for their 'finest hour'. Well, this didn't last an hour, it started to rain.

"Quick! Hold an umbrella over the fire!" said the chief; but alas, to his dismay, the fire went out. All that remained was to extricate the two little old ARP firemen now trapped on the cliff face. They were well and truly stuck. I shone my torch to ascertain their position, and they immediately shouted: "Put that bloody light out, do you want the bloody Germans to see us?" All attempts, including pulling them up on the hose failed.

Constable takes charge: "Have you a phone?" I tell him yes, and we trudge through the now squalling rain. As we entered the OP a looming figure:

"Are you the soldier on duty here?"

I assented.

"Why weren't you at your post?"

I explained, backed up by the Constable.

"I'm Lt Mawson, Field Security, why had you left your post?"

I explained about the fire.

"Oh – I see," he said.

"I must ask you the password, sir."

"Niblet," he said. I'm glad he knew it. I didn't. Sound of a midget voice played at high speed. My God, Captain Martin! I grab the phone.

"Where the hell have you been, I've missed six rounds waiting for you!" (Did he mean

Model by Roger Law

boxing or drinks?) I explained the story of the mine. "The army, the police, and the fire brigade were all present, sir – we saw no point in calling the navy."

"Right. Well, be more careful in future," was his final command.

"Would you all like a nip of whisky?" I said to Lt Mawson.

"Ah, well, just this once," he said, swigging enough for twice. He passed it to the Constable.

"Cheers, a Merry Christmas!" He too took a giant knee-crippling draught – in the dark it sounded like filling an empty bath tub from a great height. "Ah!" he gasped, having left enough in the bottle to cauterise a pimple.

A very wet ARP fire chief arrived. "You 'aven't got a long piece of rope, have you, lad? They are still stuck down the cliff." I patted my pockets, "Sorry, I haven't got any long rope at all."

"Oh dear," he said. "Mind if I sit down, I get these pains in my hip joints. I'm sixty-six, you know."

"No, I didn't know, but I'm glad you told me."

"It's nice and warm in here – what is it?"

"It's me: I've got a temperature."

To help him I phoned the gun position – "What do you want a long rope for at this bloody time of the night?"

"There's two firemen stuck down the cliff face."

"Was the cliff on fire?"

"No," I said. "The cliff's not on fire, they were collecting gull's eggs." I explained the whole situation. "Right, we'll send a coil."

Lt Mawson and the Constable left as soon as the bottle was empty. I was alone again. Finally a great three-ton lorry arrives with the coil of rope.

What I report now, is as told by Driver Wardle who delivered it.

The rain was getting heavier as they lowered the rope down the cliff. At first it missed, but after using a torch they located the two aged, white-faced terrors of the fire fiend. They were dragged up the cliff, moaning and groaning, finally reaching the top covered in clay, looking like Egyptian sunbaked mummies covered in glycerine. They didn't think it funny when Driver Wardle said: "Merry Christmas, lads."

Now! An old lady draws nigh. "Is anyone in the Sentry Box?" she shouts.

"Yes! What is it, madame, you know this is a military area and cilivians aren't allowed in."

"I am a military," she says. "My uncle is in the NAAFI. Are those men on the cliff looking for my dog?"

I tell her no.

"Oh," she says. "Do you mind if I come in and sit down? I get these pains in my hip joints. I'm sixty-five, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"It's nice and warm in here, what is it?"

"It's me, I've been drinking."

"I wonder where my little darling is?"

At first I thought she had married a midget – but it was a dog.

"His name is Hercules Brabazon-Brabazon – I named him after the painter."

"He must have been thrilled to have a dog named after him."

"He's been gone two hours." There was a pause as the penny dropped.

"Do you and your dog live near the minefield?"

"*Yess, right behind it.* When the Germans come we'll have a lovely view of them going up.

I've put Gran's chair near the window, she *is* looking forward to it." She left me just as my relief came in, Gunner Neat.

"You dirty bastard, screwing a woman on duty."

"Give up . . . she's sixty-five!"

"Loneliness can colour a man's mind."

Neat was a man who wanted to believe things – for instance, if I had said my father had been run over by a steam roller and was now a book-marker in Lewisham Library, he'd believe it, he got some kind of kick out of it.

After ten minutes of hotly denying his accusation, I finally said: "Okay, yes, I did screw her: I'll tell you for why, she pays you forty bob for doing it." His jaw dropped open, his cigarette still sticking to his lower lip, revealing a set of rotten teeth that reminded me of Highgate Cemetery.

"Forty bob," he gasped. "Forty bob!"

"Of course. Mind you, I've kept it secret . . . she lives behind the minefield." His evil mind was turning over.

"If I give you five borb (he was Cornish) would you do my turn?" The money changed hands and he went out on his fool's errand.

I turned on the old Cosser Wireless, held together with string, adhesive tape, and connected to our billet (a fisherman's cottage about thirty yards behind) by an electric cable. I remember, it was a broadcast from the Savoy Hotel. Carol Gibbons and his Orpheans were playing a medley of Christmas songs, and I could hear the cacophony of the half-cut dancers, as they milled on the dance floor: sounds of squeakers, odd balloons popping, lucky bastards! Why was *I* in a darkened OP alone with five shillings, and an empty bottle of whisky. I lit up my last cigarette, it was 11 o'clock. I wondered if Hitler had caught her yet.

Midnight came – the idiots at the Savoy all shouted and yelled meaningless sounds, the band played *Should Auld Acquaintance* – it made me feel very lonely, neglected.

The music continued, I drained the dregs of my whisky, about a tablespoon full. I held it in my mouth as long as I could. I swilled it round my teeth, I gargled with it, then drained it back in the bottle. One had to be economical. Anne Lenner is singing 'In room five hundred and four . . .'. I must have dozed off. I awake to a smoke filled OP. It was the wireless. I tried to beat out the flames with my balaclava, at the same time coughing like the dying Camille. The volume control went, and the wireless roared out. Gingerly I carried it outside. The silence of the South Coast was shattered by Carol Gibbons playing: *If I wear a little white gardenia.*

The phone buzzes, I answer. "Cough – cough – cough – cough – cough – cough – cough – answer – cough – cough – cough – coughing."

"What's the matter, man?" it was duty officer Lt Brewster.

"It's – cough – cough – cough – flem – gasp – spit – cough. It's the smoke – cough – splutter – spit – sir."

Then you must give them up. Is everything all right?"

"Cough – cough – cough – groan – gasp – yes."

"What?"

"I said cough – cough – yes – cough."

I take the phone outside before I asphixiate. "What's all that bloody noise?" he says.

"It's Carol Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans, sir."

"Carol Gibbons? Where?"

I wanted to say on the cliff. "The wireless, sir."

"Well, turn it down, man!"

"Pardon, sir?"

"I SAID TURN IT DOWN!"

"I CAN'T, IT'S ON FIRE!!"

"ARE YOU DRUNK, MILLIGAN?" HE SHRIEKED.

JUST A MINUTE!! There was one thing for it. I jumped up and down on the set until it died out. *There'll be bluebirds over . . .*

"I've switched it off, sir."

"I should think so, too. Anything to report? No? Goodnight and a Merry Christmas."

Merry Christmas? One in the morning, no fags, no booze, no wireless, OP freezing!

Unbeknown to me, Neat *had* knocked on the old lady's door, said his piece, did his duty and was at this moment better off by £3-0-0. My joke had backfired. I could have done with that money. He told how next morning the death of the dog was told to the lady though the news could have been broken to the lady less painfully, a policeman unwrapped a piece of newspaper revealing a blood-stained collar and a tail. "Is this your dog?" he said.

For those with good taste and an interest in the inspired goonery of Mr Milligan, his latest book is called Rommel? Gunner Who? A Confrontation in the Desert, *and is published in hardback by Michael Joseph (£2.50).*

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NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON

continued from page 18

to the imagination – we are still faced with a baffling question: What *difference* did it make? What was the point of marking some line of power with a path, and sometimes erecting a stone dolmen at a point where several of them crossed?

We cannot know the answer to this, because we do not know anything about the apparently accurate "science" of the priests who built Stonehenge nearly four thousand years ago. The only thing that seems highly probable is that the priests had their own means of tapping these forces. And we can make a few "educated guesses" about this ancient religion of "strange forces".

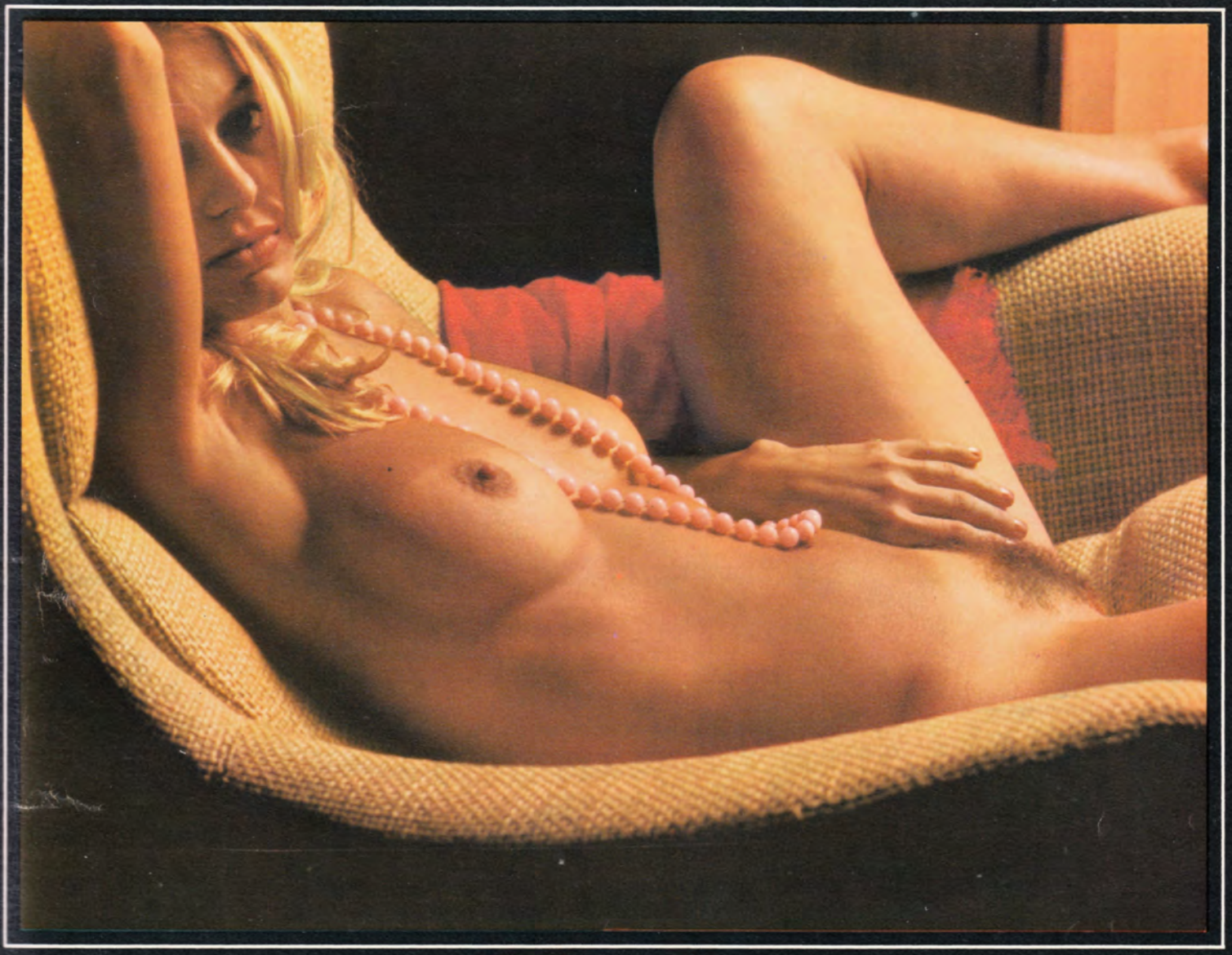
In the mid-1940's, the poet Robert Graves wrote a book called *The White Goddess*. Its contents seemed so mystical and obscure that it was rejected by many publishers before it finally appeared in 1948. The white goddess of the title is, of course, the moon goddess. Graves had stumbled upon some obscure poems and riddles of ancient Wales, and interpreted them as the basis of a complicated alphabet linked with trees. But what Graves eventually came to believe he had discovered was an ancient *knowledge system* – a kind of "knowledge" quite unlike our present day science, which depends on the intellect. This knowledge was a matter of deep intuitions and insights. It was symbolised by the moon goddess – the symbol of night – and the opposite of the blazing sun, which symbolises our intellectual knowledge. And Graves discovered that the moon goddess, under various guises, runs through many ancient religions and pre-Christian mythologies, including Greek, Phoenician, Celtic, Roman, Scandinavian, Hindu and African.

In short, Graves believes that there is a different "knowledge system" that was known in the remote past – what you might call "lunar knowledge", in opposition to the "solar knowledge" of today.

Anyone with a taste for these mysteries should read Graves's important book, which is too complex to be summarised here. In the present context, the important point is that Graves has provided a vital clue to the knowledge system of the builders of Stonehenge and other great "lunar observatories". To put it crudely, you could say that these ancient people were far closer to the earth than we are. They knew about these delicate tides of physical energy which are influenced by the moon in the same way as the tides of the ocean. They knew how to tap these forces by placing themselves in harmony with them, just as a surfer uses the energy of the waves. They built their temples at these points of power – the earth's "acupuncture points", so to speak. (Modern Glastonbury is supposed to be one of these points, and it was Michell's announcement of this discovery that led to the hippie invasion of Glastonbury a few years ago). Obviously, someone who wishes to learn to "explore inner space", to learn to grasp the nature of his own deepest intuitions, would do well to move to one of these "centres of power". (Michell points out that they were mostly on high ground, hill-tops, and that a map showing ancient settlements in England reveals that our ancestors deliberately *chose* these inhospitable spots, and ignored the low places that we have chosen as the sites for our cities).

It may seem a very long step from the Moonlight Murderer of Texarcana to the dragon paths of Alfred Watkins and John Michell. In fact, there is a close connection. Men like Clinton Cook, William Heirens, the Moonlight Murderer, are a symptom of the sickness of our civilisation – our culture which is based on "solar knowledge". We have pursued science and logic; we have built vast cities and herded most of the population into them. And now we are bewildered and shocked at the tide of violence and dissatisfaction – at the rising crime rate, strikes, economic crises, endless political *coups*. Cook and Heirens are a symbol of what has gone wrong with our civilisation. They are out of touch with the strange forces of nature and the moon; yet when a part of them is still susceptible to it, it draws them into violence and cruelty. These ancient forces have not lost their power just because we have chosen to forget them.

Even in our century of technology-gone-mad, there have always been writers who have recognised the danger: that strange "occult" novelist John Cowper Powys, the psychologist Carl Jung, the mystic Alan Watts – and John Michell himself. All have stated the same solution: that man must understand these forces, and once again learn to utilise them, as our remote ancesters did. It is still too early to ask how this can be done. The first – and most important – step is for us to recognise that they do exist. MO



Frankie

Photographs by Clive McLean

Crazy though it sounds, there are some men who think the delectable Frankie McClintock is too much of a good thing. For when this twenty-year-old native of bonnie Scotland was unanimously elected as the Rag Queen of her college, the Students' Union attempted to have her stripped of the title – since, according to their obviously insane spokesman:

"Miss McClintock was considered too sexy to properly project the student image."

This happened just a few years ago. The ensuing controversy reached national proportions and was enthusiastically taken up by the popular press, who crusaded for her crown.

The incident hardly strengthened Frankie's love of men. When she completed her course in graphic art and interior decoration, she went into the supposedly adult world with a distinct mistrust of most men.

"I really despair of most Englishmen," she states. "Particularly those over forty. Their sex-appeal seems to dwindle away to nothing. I think they accept their age too philosophically, are apt to be quite happy stagnating."

Since moving down from the North to London, though, Frankie's attitude towards men has changed for the better. She gets on much better with Southerners, and contends they age far better:

"In fact, the older they become, the more devastatingly sexy some of them seem to be! They make me go quite weak at the knees at times . . ."

An effect that the huggable Miss McClintock has on most men, we bet.

Furthermore, she's quite a caustic critic of Women's Lib and all it stands for, as she explains:

"I'd like to meet Germaine Greer head on and have a good slanging match with her. I really think she's kidding herself. I think the whole Movement is kidding itself. It appears to me that militancy in the Women's Liberation Movement increases in direct proportion to a woman's lack of desirability. Hell, how dare *a bunch of sexless old crabs resent young, attractive girls getting preferential treatment in life because they happen to take a pride in their appearance, or because they know how to press whatever their looks might give them? That's life; it's always been that way and it'll always continue that way. I happen to be a waitress at a smart London hotel at the moment, and I earn extremely good money. Well, the Women's Lib seem to resent women waiting on men – but nobody says anything about waiters or barmen waiting on women. What's the difference? As for equal pay – how naïve can you get? There's no such thing as equality; it's a philosophic gesture we make to the inadequate and underprivileged. I believe that people should be employed on the basis of individual merit.*

"As a woman, I naturally try to get my own way with men. I suppose I make a conscious effort to dominate them I think all women do – even the faint-hearted ones."

Frankie's ambition is to be a successful clothes designer, a highly competitive game. "The trouble is I'm not terribly dedicated to it; I'm not prepared to sacrifice too much for my career. Once I've achieved something – and I have done some designing on a freelance basis that has been well received – I'm inclined to backslide."

Whatever position the charming Frankie McClintock cares to adopt is highly sexy and appealing, be it backsliding or viewed from the friendly front.

A girl to remember!

Mr. Izard's Carnal Compendium

by J. T. Izard

With a little help from his friends (especially the mysterious Mrs Barclay), our randy reporter suggests some naughty New Year party games for naughty New Year party people.

Mrs Barclay's elegant composure has slipped to somewhere round about her knees. In fact, she is giggling as hysterically as a tickled toddler. It could be just high spirits or too much gin and pep or a combination of the two; or it could be that she simply *is* ticklish, in which case it probably has something to do with the male hands that are frantically unbuttoning her red jersey evening dress from neck to hem, probing into her platform-bra cleavage with seeking fingers and, finding nothing extraneous in that warm nest, repeating the investigation in the warmer one a trifle lower down.

Thoughtfully, the playful Mrs Barclay has taken the precaution of wearing open-fronted knickers, which makes for easy access and a rapid search of what Sir Alan Herbert has memorably described as the geography of that obscure but entertaining land. When the fingers become just a little too assiduous in their seeking, Mrs Barclay's giggling becomes more spasmodic and breathy and the lady's legs begin to grow limp, which is all very nice except that it's too early in the evening, and impromptu copulation on the carpet is not part of the scheme; at least not yet.

Then brightly, someone suggests looking in her shoe. The shoe is taken off and shaken—and out falls the missing halfpenny piece. Dress still undone, Mrs Barclay subsides—still hiccuping laughter – to the rya rug, while her assailant capers around her like some medieval sage who's just discovered the Philosopher's Stone.

What's going on, you ask? The answer is: just a game of "Halfpenny Relay". The Izards are throwing a party.

It's a special party, arranged to try out a few naughty games suitable for the amusement of the liberated at those New Year parties that are now just around the corner. And the first thing any party needs, apart from booze and music, is people; and the main thing any naughty party needs is naughty people. It shouldn't be too hard to find a few of those in these enlightened times, and if they're not all equally naughty, it doesn't really matter. A few ringleaders and a carefully selected bunch of good sports can be even more fun than a houseful of serious swingers who can't wait to get down to business.

So I am going to assume you have people to invite who will still look you in the eye after New Year's Day. For the Izards, this is no problem; the close friends know well enough what to expect and the slightly less close have learned to fear the worst, so there's never any danger of anyone being offended.

But a couple of words of warning: if you do plan a really wild party, do make sure that everyone has at least a pretty shrewd idea of what they're letting themselves in for; it's only common sense and, apart from anything else, it lets the girls know that they need to be pretty from the skin out. Even more important, though, if your Aunt Flo isn't the kind of Aunt Flo who occasionally likes to take off her clothes at mixed parties, don't even tell her you're having a New Year party at all. It's not just that she'll wonder why she hasn't been invited; she may even decide to invite herself, and I leave you to picture the good soul standing there in her best green satin-and-sequins surrounded by a roomful of swinging swingers rolling all over each other in varying states of déshabille. Not a pretty picture, especially if you think you're in the will.

As I say, then, I'm going to assume that you've got your music and booze, your bunch of good sports, your soft rya rugs and your Mrs Barclay, the last two being at least as important as anything else. As for *our* Mrs Barclay, my other self informs me that I can go screw the music and the booze, even the rya rugs if it comes to that; he plans to screw Mrs Barclay. He's a man of taste, my *alter ego*, and the said Mrs Barclay has indeed been troubling his sleep and mine for many a good month. A dark red-head with high cheek bones and a longish straight nose, she sometimes seems to have a broodingly haughty look that almost asks to be screwed. Tonight, if the fates and my own dear Jen allow, and if her reputation as the life and soul of hot parties has not been exaggerated, your raddled reporter will at last test the temperature of that sexy little body.

Enough of preamble, though; what do we play?

I've already indicated the possibilities of "Halfpenny Relay", which is one of those accommodating games you can play quite legitimately or quite illegitimately, according to taste and the company you keep.

As the name suggests, it is basically a team game. The players are divided into two teams, each composed equally of males and females, standing alternately in line. It is an unwritten law, incidentally, that you never, never, never stand beside the person you came with to the party.

Each team is equipped with a halfpenny piece. It can actually be almost any coin, but the new halfpenny seems to work well if you're really playing the game for thrills. The idea is that the first male in each team drops, slips, slides, pushes or otherwise inserts the coin into the neck, collar, plunge or whatever forms the top of the dress of the female standing immediately beside him. (Sorry, I forgot to mention that it's essential for the game that the girls should still be wearing their dresses, so perhaps it's advisable to schedule it fairly early in the programme; any girl wearing trousers should be politely asked to take them off).

With the coin now inside her clothes, the girl player may jump, wriggle, shake or perform any other erotic movement to persuade the coin to travel down her body until it reappears on the floor at her feet. The male player, meanwhile, may assist with these movements or attempt to direct the coin along its path by pushing from outside the clothing. When the coin ultimately falls (by now, usually pleasantly warm and perhaps delicately perfumed), the next male player picks it up and inserts it in the neckline of the next girl in the team.

The team which is first to work its coin down the complete row wins the game. The team which loses generally has the fun. Our team, I'm glad to say, does tolerably badly and is a complete body behind by the time I am ready to slip the coin between the delicate white tits of Mrs Barclay. By the time I have back-palmed it, moreover, and dropped it into my cuff, the other team have practically finished, while Mrs Barclay writhes and grinds and generally gives a fabulous impression of fucking at thin air in vain efforts to dislodge a coin that isn't there.

This performance provokes a good deal of laughter and lip-wetting, until I eventually succumb to the shouts of encourage-

Illustration by Howard Pemberton

ment and take advantage of Mrs Barclay's suddenly heavy-eyed acquiescence. So I unwrap Mrs Barclay, who – judging by the black and scarlet platform bra, open-front pants and gartered fishnet stockings – has clearly come in the hope of being unwrapped anyway; which is about where you come in.

When I take her shoe and shake it, I let the missing halfpenny drop to the floor from my cuff. Party games are, after all, what you make of them.

And that, give or take a wriggle or two, is "Halfpenny Relay". In its more presentable form, it makes quite a reasonable ice-breaker; if however, you feel that its potential is too great to waste on breaking ice, you can always begin – as we did – by bursting a few balloons.

Banging balloons not only makes a noisy but also an apposite beginning to a wild party and, although there have been many good balloon games devised, we decided to make it another team game and with a bare minimum of rules. We simply had two tea-chests full of inflated balloons and two mixed-sex teams racing each other to burst them – but without stamping on them, pricking them, touching them with lighted cigarettes or otherwise infringing the one inviolate rule: body pressure only.

You can of course sit on them or roll on them; but, if you can't think of anything better than that, then you needn't invite Izard to your next pyjama knees-up. Bear-hugging your partner with a balloon in between you is an old favourite, though squeezing it belly-to-belly with hands firmly fixed on (one's own) head is distinctly more stimulating. Some couples have been known to enjoy this one so much that they've made an ordinary balloon last as long as a Rowntree's fruit gum. Mrs Barclay entertained everyone – including, quite possibly, herself – by hitching up the red dress to waist level and squashing a sausage-shaped balloon between a pair of starkly black-and-white stockinged thighs. When eventually it banged – against an area of her person not, let's face it, unaccustomed to such erotic explosions – it was generally put down to the effect of heat generated by the friction of rubber on skin, nylon lace and pubic curlies.

Plenty of the traditional party games can be made carnally pleasing by the addition of just a little imagination. The possibilities of "Sardines" scarcely need elaboration and even that old favourite, "Blind Man's Buff", can provide a plethora of mildly erotic sensations when played by consenting adults.

We played perhaps the ultimate version, which we have since christened "Blind 'n' Buff". The only real difference between this and the original kids' party version is that everyone except the blindfold-wearer strips to the buff. Thereafter, it's just the same old feeling-and-guessing game, but much more fun, of course. A variation which you may care to try is to have two players blindfolded, one of each sex: this has the advantage that the men spend only about half as long avoiding the groping hands as they do if the blind-man happens to be one of themselves; curiously, the girls seem to be far less fussy about being groped by one of their own.

"Ghosts", where all the girls – or all the blokes – strip off and cover themselves with sheets, and the players of the opposite sex have to guess who's who just by feeling, is another jolly variation. If you want, you can arm the guessers with pencils and paper and put on the ghosts – and then see who has the best score when the sheets come off the bodies. (At this kind of party, *somebody* should be able to find a prize for the winner. We, of course, had Mrs Barclay). Actually, we encountered only two problems with this game: some of the girls were worried about their hair-do's and the sheets were really needed for the beds.

Guessing-games account for a large part of the fun at any party, so we tried out several more. I wouldn't dream of claiming originality for any of them and two, certainly, are just variations on kids' party favourites.

We got a lot of fun out of what we called "Who's Boobed Now?" Like most of the other games described here, it requires iittle equipment except that provided by nature: just a door, in fact, and a curtain with a porthole about the size of a dinner plate.

When the curtain has been pinned up across the doorway, about half the players – blokes and girls together if we are being truly liberated and democratic, which of course we are – disappear around the other side of the curtain and undress or not undress, according to taste and, naturally, according to whether or not they still have any undressing left to do.

In random order, they then present any part of their lovely person at the porthole, and the rest simply have to guess to whom the boob or buttock, foot, hand, kneecap or (Heaven preserve us) sexual organ belongs. No prizes for this game: it's just good, clean fun, though the comments from the "audience" can be a bit much if you're inclined to be sensitive about any of your natural endowments.

Just a couple of hints on this one: a chair or step-stool behind the curtain for the "exhibitionists" and a modicum of discretion for the "voyeurs" are almost essential. The need for the chair is self-evident; the need for common sense is this: husbands, wives and other authorised personnel will naturally keep quiet so as not to spoil the fun by popping up with the right answer straight away, so if you happen to be especially familiar with the orifice or erection displayed at the window and you *don't* fit into one or other of the authorised categories just mentioned, use some sense: give a few wrong guesses, eh?

"Best of three?"

The same set-up – doorway, step-stool – is also ideal for our adult version of another children's favourite: pinning the tail on the donkey. The only real difference is that we play it without a donkey and without a tail.

What we did have was a transparent plastic sheet pinned across the doorway (a glass door would be even better) and a volunteer – guess who couldn't take off that red dress fast enough – to stand unclad behind it. The volunteer doesn't, incidentally, have to be a girl and doesn't even have to be unclad. The other players then take turns to pin or stick a cut-out cardboard penis (or a big red pair of cupid's lips if the donkey's male) on whatever part of the volunteer's anatomy strikes them as the most appropriate – or, more accurately, on to the plastic sheet immediately in front of the part; after all, we don't want any bloodshed.

What makes it difficult, of course, is that the players are blindfolded – and the donkey is allowed to move up and down the step-stool right up to the moment when the cardboard cut-out is fixed to the sheet. Again, no prizes: well, who's to say whether the penis in the armpit is a "miss" or whether it's just that the marksman is the tiniest bit kinky?

Mrs Barclay was in her element, receiving the cardboard organ in all manner of likely and unlikely places, some of which she claimed – not that anyone believed her – never to have tried in the flesh.

When we managed to persuade her to put on some clothes again, we were ready to begin the next game: we decided to call it "Fate Worse Than Death", though "Blue Murder in the Dark" would have been just as good. It's played in much the same way as the familiar murder/detective/victim game, though it lasts a good deal longer because the victim suffers "a fate worse than death". As in the conventional, parlour version, the players draw lots to see who'll be victim, who'll be the rapist and who'll be the detective. Incidentally, as we found when we tried it, it's best to have the men and the girls draw separately for "victim" and "assailant", or you can end up with both being of the same gender – and it's not supposed to be that kind of a party. Or is it?

When the lots have been drawn and the rôles allocated, out go the lights and, for the next few minutes (it has been known to go on for upwards of half-an-hour, depending on how much the two main performers fancy each other), there should be scuffling, panting, moaning and the whole wide variety of noises associated with sexual intercourse, simulated or otherwise. At last, there's a scream – probably meaning that he's pulled out just a shade early – and, when the lights go on, there lies the victim in whatever state of disarray she feels is appropriate to the occasion.

Then it's up to the detective to examine the scene of the crime for clues – male detectives tend to be much more thorough about this aspect – and bring the miscreant to book.

Again, a few hints. First, do try to remember, rapists, to leave the kind of clue that doesn't require a forensic lab; few house-parties are equipped

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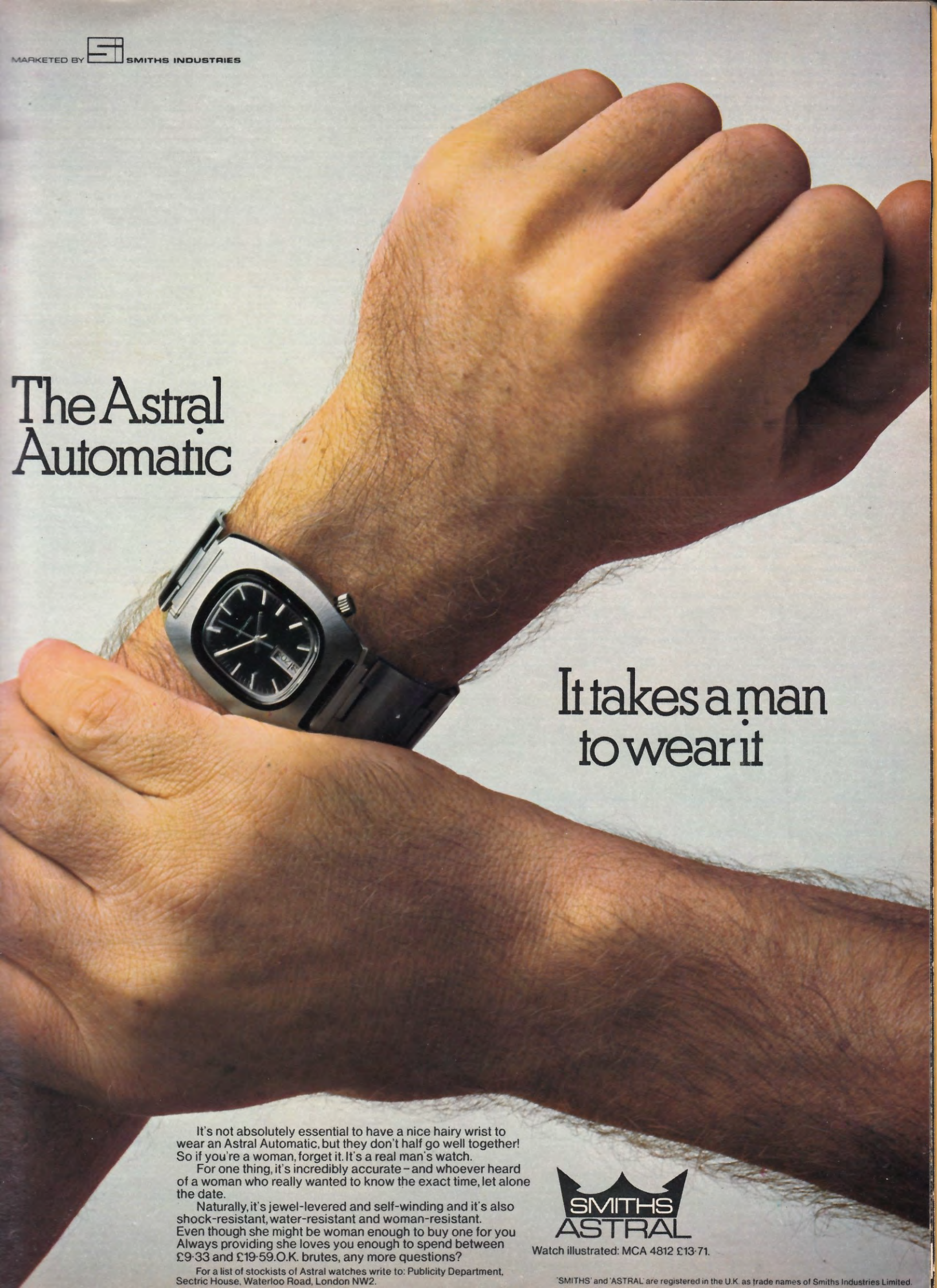

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to make blood tests and sperm counts. In the old days before zip flies, a trouser button was ideal, of course. And, victims, do play the game, too; again according to our Mrs Barclay, there was one poor rapist who went through half the herd, so to speak, before he found the girl who had drawn the rôle of victim.

With some regret, I must report that Izard drew no rôle at all in this game, though we played the game three or four times; and Mrs Barclay, to her considerable disgust, could do no better than "detective". We pacified her by agreeing to play a couple of her favourite games when some of the less liberated souls had either gone home to bed with their spouses or subsided alcoholically into the arms of Morpheus or whoever else happened to be lying there.

Not everyone, unfortunately, plans to see the New Year in with quite such a display of debauchery. For those who plan a quieter night, there are always bawdy board games like Libido.

Eight of us joined in, playing in pairs, while the others just danced and boozed or lost themselves in quiet corners, again mostly playing in pairs.

Libido, in case you didn't know either, is a fascinating time- and inhibitions-killer containing the elements of ludo, monopoly and strip poker. Each player, or pair of players if you are playing with partners, is equipped with a coloured counter, a sum of cardboard money, and a set of cardboard clobber which he/she may "shed" instead of the real thing, should actual disrobing be embarrassing or imprudent.

Players take turns to throw the dice and move their counters around the board towards home-base: the big central square named "Libido". On the way, they will land on squares bearing "£" signs, "S" signs, question marks or nothing at all.

Landing on a "£" sign means that the player must pick up the top "Money" card from the pile in the centre of the board. According to what the card tells you, you may – for instance – earn a £500 bonus for hard work or forfeit your turn until you throw a double just for throwing a double with the managing director's secretary, which you may think is cheap at the price.

Landing on an "S" sign means you take a "Sex" card, and these are much more interesting. You may, for example, be required to "reveal your passionate self by kissing any other player or pay a fine of £500" – and believe me, if you've already sacrificed your Y-fronts to settle the kind of debt I shall come to in a moment, revealing your passionate self may be a sight easier than not revealing it.

Alternatively, you may have to "give any player who has not made love to you £500 as consolation" (so make love, not war; it's cheaper). Or, "if you haven't made love in the last seven days, go straight to bed and stay there until someone throws a seven (not as bad as it sounds – there's a square called "Bed" and the game is played with *two* dice).

There's much more to it than that, of course – the question-mark squares, "Beds", "Seductions", "Sex Card Challenges", none of which I'll go into now – but the basic idea is to inflict debts on the other players, which they may settle either with their cardboard cash or with their clothing at £500 a piece. And, if you can manage it, it's well worth parting the ladies from their undies at an early stage, because you have to go around the board several circuits and it can all take the devil of a long good time.

A player of some experience, our Mrs Barclay succeeded in unloading both clothes and cash at a speed unequalled since the prodigal son, but somehow managed to remain in the game by dint of some astonishing last-gasp good fortune (or sleight-of-hand) and some furiously whispered loan negotiations with some of the better-heeled male players. I'd love to tell you what she promised your raddled reporter, but I shouldn't want to incriminate myself . . .

The game eventually broke up without an outright winner, when Mrs B – down to her last borrowed bra – couldn't agree with a somewhat inebriated spouse about how many times they had made love during the last seven days; but before the fascinating discrepancy could be resolved, we decided it was time to get on with the really serious business of the evening.

If a fuddled memory serves me correctly, we were by now down to about the last six or seven couples, though not all the "couples" were coupled in anything like the same combination as when they had arrived. Mr B and my own lovely Jen had last been seen hunting the thimble or something behind the studio couch (her old conscientious objection seeming to have followed her knickers into the pile of miscellaneous erotica which we would be clearing up in the morning), which happily left me teamed with the little Barclay flower.

This latter was all too ready to shed her petals again – not that there were many left to shed – and, with a sudden inspiration, suggested we might try playing musical pricks. The idea, she explained, was quite simply that the men should sit on a row of chairs with their apparatus at the ready, and when the music stopped . . Well, you can guess the rest, can't you? What she had not allowed for was the difficulty that some of the chaps found in keeping it up through all the comings and goings, so we gave this one up as a bad job.

A better job by far was "Guess Who's Coming to . . ." This is slightly related to "Sewerman's Knock" (no offence, down below, but *someone* has to be dirtier than the traditional dustman), though it involves a good deal more of the actual knocking. It also has a resemblance to "Fate Worse Than Death", already described.

As performed by our Mrs B, it involves a volunteer lady (or gent) lying on a bed or couch or just a pile of cushions in a totally darkened room while an anonymous member of the opposite sex comes and makes love to her/him. All the recipient has to do is lie there and enjoy it—and then guess who.

This can be more difficult than one would imagine, our instructress explained after guessing wrongly the first time—and added, with a twinkle, that the proper, no-holds-barred way to play the game was to keep trying till you (meaning she) got it right. One girl she knew, she said, had kept getting it wrong the whole evening and had ended up exhausted, thoroughly fulfilled and none the wiser than when she began.

We believed all of this except the bit about being none the wiser and the bit about it being a girl she knew. In any case, the proposal that we should play it that way was greeted with noisy protests from the other girls, who felt it would tend to have a deflationary effect on their own later pleasures, and then with a suggestion that we should next send in the family's pet labrador.

Our final game could really provide the high-spot of a totally uninhibited New Year's party and it was a pity that so few of the male players had saved enough of themselves to enjoy it properly. Your reporter was a noble exception.

Called "Randy's Roundabout", it's simply an adulterous version of the kiddies' favourite, "Pass the Parcel". The main difference is that there's a "parcel" for everybody. The "parcels" are passed from male lap to male lap around the circle and, each time the music stops, the player is entitled to relieve his little parcel of part of her wrapping.

As the parcels, by their nature, tend to have different quantities of wrappings, they inevitably reach a state of complete unwrappedness at different stages of the game; and, of course, it's traditional that the player who removes the last layer carries off the confectionery inside. To that extent, at least, we kept to tradition.

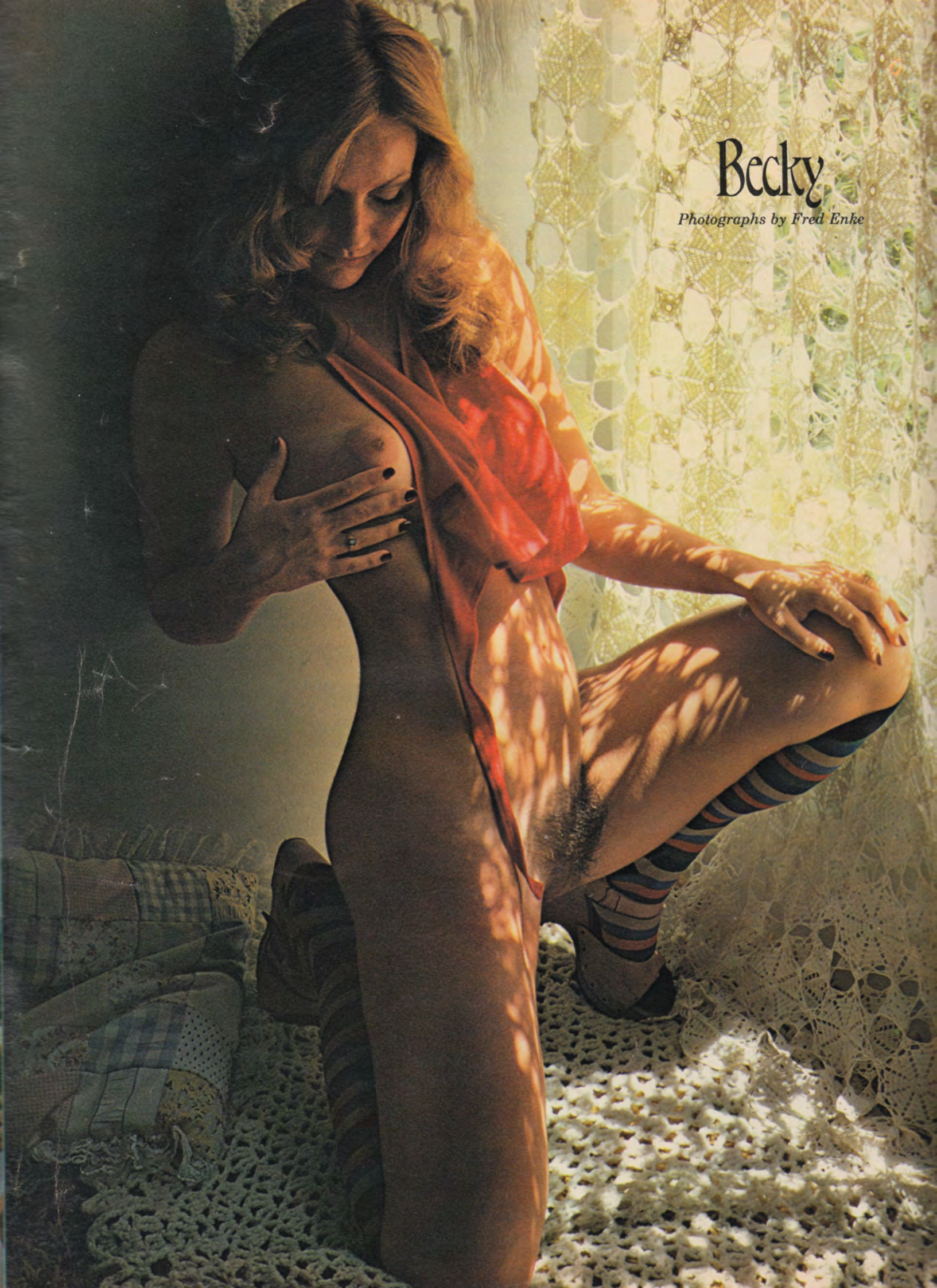
Naturally, someone had to work the record player and ensure, too, that each parcel reached an improper destination (this job, as you may imagine, is wide open to all kinds of lovely payola), and yours truly was nominated DJ on the grounds that he was host to the party and had unrivalled experience in jockeying things with grooves and holes anyway. I bowed to the common will, but pointed out that I had to have someone who really knew the game to assist me.

So we sat this one out, Mrs Barclay and I, while the music went round and round, and the parcels did the same and the little coloured wrappings piled up on the carpet. We were well into the small hours now as the last players padded off into the shadows with their prizes, so I stopped the music for the final time and slipped a possessive arm around mine.

So there you have it: Mr Izard's Carnal Compendium of naughty games for naughty New Year parties. If you know any good ones yourself, I'm sure that the editor of *Men Only* would love to hear about them. Never mind that New Year will have passed; there's always some excuse for a party.

Oh, and Mrs Barclay? Well, it's amazing, isn't it, how good a bad girl can be? I'd tell you my New Year's resolution but, on second thoughts, that's one game I won't give away. MO

". . . and I say to you in all sincerity . . ."



Becky

Photographs by Fred Enke

It's difficult to fathom just why slaving over a hot stove turns Miss Becky Finch on. Yet it definitely does. The abiding love of her life (apart from the many ardent abiding lovers in her life) is to conjure up scrumptious French and Greek cuisine. These things have a fortunate way of being equal, however, and Becky is as eye-catching and appetising as her own home-cooked dishes.

Twenty-one-year-old Becky ascribes her culinary competence to a thoroughly old-fashioned rural upbringing. The daughter of a fruit farmer in Sevenoaks, Kent, Becky spent a lot of her formative years at her mother's side in a vast farm kitchen.

"It might seem awfully square," says Becky, "but I do genuinely believe that a girl should be a good cook if she's going to be the sort of partner a man deserves. And cooking isn't drudgery at all: I adore getting a great meal together for a man I particularly like."

Being so proficient in the domestic arts doesn't suppress Becky's capacity for excitement and glamour:

"When I was young I used to get up early in the morning to milk the cows. Now I'm working at night as a club receptionist, meeting fabulous people, and getting up very late the next morning!"

Regarding her future, the bright-eyed Becky is disarmingly carefree: "Oh, I don't pay much regard for that. I just want to go on working and living in London, being part of the

scene. I live each day as it comes."

Becky is apt to feel a little crowded at times in London, and is something of an anti-pollution enthusiast. But she doesn't take her dislike of over-population and motorway madness to unpalatable extremes:

"I'm a very passive person, really. And I really don't see what I could do to alter things."

Becky doesn't expect her lovers to agree with her – in fact, she doesn't expect them to be anything but dominating: "A man must be the boss as far as I'm concerned. I enjoy being told what to do." Her ideal companion in romance would be tall, husky, and gallant: "But I'm always more than willing to make an exception to this rule!"

Becky's confidence and sense of self-possession has, she admits, been greatly enhanced by this extremely intimate portfolio of photographs of her in her luscious nudity. She says:

"I was very excited about being asked to pose. Being selected to appear in just about the biggest men's magazine in the country is something of an honour, and a rare opportunity for a girl."

And, as these glowing pages indisputably show, the rare-bit is one of the Great British dishes.

Men Only Girl: Miss Becky Finch

A LAUGH A LINE

by Karl Steiner

Scene: a public bar with a joke-teller in full spate, surrounded by a half-cut, pint-swilling, belching, uncritical gallery. The raconteur wallows in the horse-laughs that follow his last witticism, then, highly gratified by the response, presses on:

'There was this publican, you see, who in addition to free peanuts kept a bowl of snuff on the bar. One evening, just before opening time, the assistant barman, who'd just started the job, knocked over the bowl and the snuff blew away and was lost. The barman went to refill the bowl, but to his dismay found the storage jar empty. Not wanting to get into trouble, he was racking his brains trying to think of a substitute for snuff when he noticed a petrified dog turd just outside the door. He picked it up, crushed it under a beer mug and used the powder to replenish the snuff-bowl before opening up.

'Bill and Joe drifted in and ordered pints. Bill took a large pinch of what he imagined to be snuff and then started looking around him and examining the underneath of his boots. "Can you smell shit, Joe?" he asked. "No," replied his mate. "I've got a bloody awful cold and can't smell a thing." "You must be bunged up," remarked Bill, "there's a terrible stink." "I've had this cold all week," moaned Joe, "and I can't find anything to shift it." "Try a pinch of snuff," suggested Bill, motioning towards the bowl, "it'll help clear your head." Joe did as his mate recommended, sneezed a few times, then a look of astonishment appeared on his face. "That's bloody marvellous snuff," he said appreciatively, "I can smell that shit as clear as anything now!"'

More hoots of laughter and our inveterate joke-teller, warming to his subject, continues:

'There was this Indian chief who called the tribe around him for a powwow. "I have news for you," he said solemnly, "some bad, some good. I will tell you the bad news first. Our crops have failed and this winter we shall have nothing to eat but buffalo shit." There were loud groans all round. "Now for the good news," continued the chief. "I am pleased to tell you that we have ample supplies of buffalo shit."'

The audience guffaw and fall about, hoping for more. They are not disappointed.

'There was this bloke – a builder's labourer he was – who couldn't shit. He hadn't had a crap in weeks, so he went to see the doctor. The doc examined him and said he'd have to operate. He used a small charge of dynamite to free the back passage. After coming round, the bloke said, "Will I be all right now, doc?" "Yes," replied the doctor, washing his hands, "but next time don't wipe your arse on a cement bag!"'

And so the recital continues, joke after joke in a relentless stream. They are pretty good ones too, which makes a pleasant change from the puerile outpourings of many a compulsive joke-teller, but they all have one feature in common, and that feature is excrement. Why is it that so many jokes revolve around what is euphemistically termed 'lavatory humour'? There is surely nothing particularly funny about excrement and urine, or in the manner whereby they are voided from the body; nor is there basically anything comical about sex, yet this subject is equally popular as a source of jocularity; in fact lavatory humour and sexual witticisms are lumped together indiscriminately and the whole vast mass of material categorised as 'dirty jokes'.

What precisely constitutes a joke? And what are the elements that cause us to laugh?

A joke is essentially a witticism, and it is in this respect that a dirty joke differs from what we shall call smutty talk, or simply smut, which is nothing but dirt for dirt's sake, and shows no evidence of humour, drollery, point or intellect. We shall be considering the difference between dirty jokes and smut in more detail later.

A joke may depend upon one or a combination of a number of features for its capacity to make us laugh: surprise, predicament, absurdity, exaggeration, sophism, bathos, a felicitous and unexpected association between words or ideas, verbal ambiguities, etc. Jokes make much use of allusion, dropping the precondition of there being an association in subject-matter, and replacing it by unusual external connections such as similarity of sound, as in a pun, *double entendres*, and so on.

It is important to realise that the elements which cause us to laugh at a dirty joke are no different from those which provoke mirth at a clean one. The actual subject-matter of a joke is not all that important; it is the way in which the material is handled that provides the laugh. Therefore, as lavatory antics and sex

Illustrations by Ken Laidlaw

are not in themselves funny, and as they are not requisite to exciting merriment, there must be some other purpose behind the telling of *dirty* jokes in addition to giving pleasure and being the focus of attention, for these objectives can just as readily be attained by relating clean jokes. This assertion is given extra weight by the fact that the jokes of *compulsive* raconteurs, like our excremental friend in the bar, are almost invariably dirty. They also tend to revolve around a single theme, which is the driving force behind the compulsion.

Leaving professional comics aside, let us examine the motives of the countless amateur joke-tellers, many of whose material (unlike that of our bar-room friend whose pungent humour introduced this feature) is of such lamentable quality that a thick skin or an iron nerve would appear to be essential traits in any untalented individual who proposes to set himself up as a wit. True, the effects of alcohol often make for a receptive and uncritical audience; all the same, we have run into a number of compulsive raconteurs whose mere appearance in a bar or club has been sufficient to evoke deep groans all round and send the more sensitive souls scurrying for cover. On the other hand, a joke-teller who has built up a reputation for the hilarity and sheer filthiness of his stories (and the source of such tales has always been a great mystery)

'One can safely say that the story's emphasis will usually be upon the male genitals . . . these are 'exposure' jokes.'

becomes something of a hero, and his advent is unfailingly greeted with cheers and a supply of free beer.

The motives which spur on the compulsive joke-monger, whose material, as we have seen, is invariably dirty, are as follows (they may exist individually or in any combination):

a) *Sexual Repression,* especially of aberrant desires and interests;
b) *Exhibitionism*;
c) *Aggressiveness* (mild sadism).

It will be observed that we are immediately in the field of sexual deviation, and this in our view goes a long way towards explaining why so few *female* joke-tellers are encountered in pubs and clubs—a scarcity which is reflected by the singular dearth of professional female stand-up comics in the world of entertainment—for, as we have explained in other articles, the genuine female deviant is comparatively rare in real life, being to a large extent a creation of the male pornographer and wishful thinker.

Before we proceed to analyse each of the motives in turn, it is necessary to establish a number of general points. In childhood, there is little discrimination between what is sexual and what is excremental—both are equally titillating. It can be argued that the compulsive joke-teller has never grown up mentally, and that he is still in the anal phase of infantile development; thus he continues not to distinguish mentally between sexual and lavatory humour, and derives similar stimulation, emotional and physical, from both. It is important to note that the contents of dirty jokes and smut include not only the elements which are peculiar to male and female, but also the functions which are common to both sexes, and to which, by convention, deep feelings of shame are attached.

Dirty jokes and smut are very class-conscious. The wont of the higher strata of society, amongst themselves, is to adhere strictly to the more sophisticated type of salacious witticism; whereas the working classes tend to favour the cruder kind of joke coupled with smutty talk. It is significant, however, that as soon as high class 'gents' are in the company of low class females, the standard of their wit frequently undergoes a rapid decline, and they end up talking smut of the very lowest order, equalling their working class brethren in foulness of language, and far outstripping them in perversity of conception.

Since the technique of both dirty and clean jokes is identical (only the subject-matter is different), and as a clever dirty joke invariably achieves a much greater outburst of laughter than does an equally witty clean one, we are obliged to accept that dirty jokes involve sources of pleasure and satisfaction to which clean jokes have no access, and that these sources are essentially sexual.

Clean jokes may conveniently be divided into two main categories: *innocent* and *hostile.* The aim of the innocent joke is uncomplicated; it is simply to give malice-free pleasure, to lighten the heart and make the human condition appear a little more tolerable. There is no viciousness, and no-one is 'put down'. The hostile joke gives pleasure at the expense of someone else's discomforture, and may range in content from the crude, banana-skin, pratt-fall type of incident to subtle political satire. As a classic example of innocent humour we cite the punning wit of Messrs. Muir and Norden, while the frequently cruel whimsy of Marty Feldman can hardly be bettered as a representative of hostile

'Some jokes are hostile and 'sick' in their subject matter. They are generally inimical to the female, sometimes sadistic.'

joke-making.

Dirty jokes may similarly be separated into malice-free and hostile categories, but in view of the very nature of the subject matter, their aim can never be regarded as uncomplicated, and even though free from malevolence and spite, a dirty joke, unlike a clean one, is never innocent, but has 'exposure' as its covert object—more of which anon. We will now analyse the motives:

a) *Sexual Repression:* That which cannot freely be discussed in conversation without causing acute embarrassment to many people may, by convention, be aired in the context of a joke. Lavatory humour is rife in the theatre, cinema, on radio and television. No Brian Rix farce, *Carry On* film or *Up Pompeii* script would be considered complete without a generous larding of lavatory jokes, trouser-dropping, bum-pinching and general sexual innuendo. Any reference to a toilet-roll, lavatory chain, constipation, or other artefact, condition or function relating to the voiding of body wastes, is certain to provoke hoots of mirth no matter how feeble the wit.

But why should the simulated, off-stage sounds of farting and toilet-flushing seem so excruciatingly funny to a well-dressed, affluent and apparently respectable audience of mums and dads? The answer is that most people are sexually repressed; that deviations involving the urine and the faeces (urolagnia and coprophilia) are widespread (if not in fact, at least in fantasy or in the unconscious); that in the context of jokes, sexual and lavatory functions can be equated without embarrassment or feelings of guilt; and that through such jokes the bonds of repression are temporarily slackened and the resulting sense of freedom brings about a state of euphoria so rose-tinted and divorced from reality that people are ready and willing to laugh at almost anything, and to see the most threadbare and deplorably witless farce as nothing short of a comic masterpiece. Truly the functions of urination and defecation are God's greatest gifts to intellectually moribund script-writers.

It will be appreciated that we have been examining the motive of sexual repression from the passive side (i.e. from the side of the audience) rather than from the active or performing standpoint; but the same arguments apply with even greater force in the latter case, since it is the *teller* of jokes who is in command of the situation, and it is he who selects stories tailor-made, as it were, to ease the burden of his own particular form of repression—and there are jokes appropriate to every bodily function and to every known sexual practice and deviation.

b) *Exhibitionism:* In addition to the simple, non-sexual act of exhibitionism implicit in the actual telling of the jokes and, provided the stories are good ones, being the centre of attention, there is the more titillating and complex form of exhibitionism contained in the 'exposure' element present in many dirty jokes and in all smutty talk. It is because of this 'exposure' that, as mentioned earlier, even the most malice-free of dirty jokes cannot be regarded as innocent.

Talking of bodily functions, and particularly of the sexual organs, is a substitute for exposing one's own genitals. A desire to see and to show the organs peculiar to each sex is one of the most fundamental components of human libido, and it is evident in children at a very early age. We all know how youngsters invent games such as 'Doctors and Nurses' with the sole purpose of providing a pretext for carrying out a detailed examination of each other's bodies. In the majority of cases, the inclination becomes suppressed during adulthood, but when the proclivity persists, it develops in men into the well-known deviation called exhibitionism, and revolves around the exposure, or 'flashing', of the genitals.

In females, the inclination takes another path, and if it is not buried beneath inherent sexual modesty, it finds expression in flirtatious behaviour and the wearing of provocative clothes. Seldom, except in live sex shows staged for the delectation of men, and in the privacy

of the lovers' bedroom, is the flaunting of their genitalia a feature of exhibitionism in women.

Verbal exhibitionism, which frequently declines into smut, has its written counterpart in the crude graffiti which disfigure lavatory walls. The descent from wit into smut is all the more certain and rapid if a man is aiming his talk at a female.

c) *Aggressiveness:* Here we meet up with jokes and smut which contain elements of hostility and malice. There can be no doubt that the motive behind the telling of such stories is sadistic, if only mildly so. The sadism may lie not so much in the subject-matter of the joke as in the language used to tell it and in *the distress of the person at whom it is aimed,* especially if this person is a modest female and her discomfiture is witnessed and relished by a group of laughing men. As sadism and exhibitionism have much in common, it is not surprising that, in aggressiveness, wit also tends to lapse into smut.

An aggressive joke always calls for at least three people: the teller, the object of the aggression, and a third person in whom a two-fold object is fulfilled—not only is this third person necessary for the discomfiture of the second, but at least one appreciative presence is requisite for the realisation of the joke's *ostensible* purpose which, paradoxically in such a case, is that of producing pleasure. If no-one laughs, the joke falls flat and the teller derives no more satisfaction from it than does the embarrassed person who formed the target, or the unamused third person who comprised the audience.

With aggressive *smut* it is different—for laughs are not intended or expected—but the presence of a third party is requisite just the same, so that the shame of the victim of the smutty talk shall be intensified by its being witnessed. Although laughter is not the goal of aggressive smut, it often occurs—and it is—the laughter of callousness and cruelty, not of real humour.

The five jokes so far included in this article have all been of types told by compulsive raconteurs to help ease their burden of sexual repression. We will now give examples of jokes related for the covert purposes of exposure (exhibitionism) and hostility (aggressiveness) respectively.

Exposure: 'There was this young vicar who had the most enormous set of organs. It wasn't so much that his prick was nine inches long, but his bollocks were fantastically massive—like two-thirds of a pawnbroker's sign. Naturally, he was very proud of his equipment (Who wouldn't be?) and as he was a charitable man, he longed to share his delight in it with others—though being a vicar rather cramped his style.

'He wasn't married, so there was no release in that direction. Driven to desperation, he finally decided to visit a prostitute. He stripped off in front of her and began to strut about, wanking away with one hand and holding up his balls with the other. The sensations he derived from this were utterly delicious—so much so that he made up his mind to moderate the statutory attack on carnal sin in his next sermon.

'Prancing around in the nude and brandishing his prick, he remarked to the prostitute, who was watching him with some apprehension, "You'd never have thought, seeing me like this, that I was a vicar, would you?" "No," replied the tart, "with balls like that I'd have thought you were a canon".'

This is a perfect 'exposure' joke. Obviously, not all jokes in this category so accurately reflect the teller's proclivities, but one can safely say that the story's emphasis will usually be upon the male genitals, for in talking about the penis and the scrotum, the teller is mentally exposing himself and evoking images of male genitalia (hopefully his own) in the minds of his audience.

Hostility: 'A randy young fellow was reading the post-card ads in the shop window of a Soho newsagent. He fancied women with really big tits, and was excited to see 'Miss Tress—fantastic figure—44–23–36', followed by a phone number. Hardly able to contain himself, he rang up and made an appointment for a session that afternoon. When he arrived at the sleazy house, he was greeted at the door by a female sporting the biggest pair of tits he'd ever seen. They were sticking out like steeples under a thin cotton blouse, and the nipples seemed the size of loganberries.

'He kept glancing from her face to her tits, and then back again, uncertain what to do. "Come on in, dearie," said the tart, "you don't look at the mantelpiece when you're poking the fire." And she rocked her shoulders, making her huge tits jiggle about like the clappers. That did it—he followed her inside. In the dimly-lit bedroom her face didn't look too bad, and when she stripped off and swung her enormous tits around, he soon got a terrific hard-on.

'Groaning with lust, he went down on his knees in front of her and buried his face between her tits. At the same time he ran his hands over the cheeks of her behind and was horrified to feel her arse all covered in pimples. "Bloody hell, what's all this?" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Nothing to worry about, dearie," replied the tart, "just a price-list for the blind".'

This joke, in which the technique is one of surprise and an unexpected association of ideas, is hostile and 'sick' in its subject-matter. It is inimical to the female sex in general, and although not overtly aggressive in content, if told in the company of a girl with a bad complexion, or one with an unusually large bust, or even in the presence of a blind man, the sadistic overtones immediately become apparent.

Now a few words about the general quality of jokes. We have shown that dirty jokes have sources of pleasure at their command over and above those available to clean ones, in which all the pleasure is in some way associated with the actual technique of joke-making; but strangely, when hearing a dirty joke we are unable to establish by our sentiments precisely how our pleasure in the story is apportioned i.e., what part arises from the technique of the joke, and what part from its sexual sources of gratification. In other words, we do not really know what we are laughing at!

As a result of this uncertainty, we are hardly in a position to make any valid estimation concerning a dirty joke's merit and quality, in so far as these are dependent upon formal and determinable characteristics. As we saw when discussing farces, films and television scripts, the technique of dirty jokes is all too frequently abysmal, yet such stories have enormous success in causing laughter, and on this basis are rated as 'good' jokes – which is a gross error of judgement.

Since this article, although largely serious in content, is concerned with a light-hearted subject, let us end as we began and allow our bar-room wit to have the final word:

'There were these blokes on an expedition into darkest Africa, and nobody wanted the job of cook. Anyway, they found out that one of their number had once been a sea-cook, so they pressed the job on to him, much against his will. He only accepted on one condition: he would stick to the job provided there were no complaints; the first moan and he was finished, and the bloke that complained would have to take his place. They all agreed to this and set off.

'Well, things went along all right for a while, but as they got deeper in the jungle the cook's task became harder and harder—not enough water, the provisions going bad with the heat, and flies everywhere. He stopped letting his conscience bother him and began serving up the most vile concoctions, but as nobody else wanted his job there were no complaints.

'Eventually the cook got so cheesed off he deliberately started making the meals as revolting as possible, thinking that sooner or later someone was bound to kick up a stink—but, no, his companions silently accepted all the disgusting muck he set before them.

'After another week, the cook was desperate. He decided he could stand no more, so he went to the latrine, fished out about a dozen fat turds, fried them in batter and served them up as the evening meal. There were some very glum looks indeed, and one bloke, temporarily driven beyond the limits of endurance, "My God, this tastes like shit!" Then, recovering himself smartly, added, "But *beautifully* cooked!"'

'What precisely constitutes a joke? And what are the elements that cause us to laugh?

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The breeze rustling through the rigging, and the cool ocean spray can make even the most hardened seaman seek refreshment.

So at six bells or whenever you hear anything that sounds remotely like a bell the Dry Cane is brought out.

Mixed with vermouth it provides the refreshment you need during an exhausting day at sea.

A day full of such hardships as lying on your back watching the delicate Caribbean breeze trying to fill your sails.

Or getting up enough steam to prepare to devour yet another giant Caribbean prawn.

Or shocks such as the crew shouting "Time to run for home."

When you have no idea what time it is, where home is, or in which direction to run.

In fact, the only real pleasure during the day comes from making the necessary Dry Cane drink.

But this in itself has its problems.

Because, when you're fresh and the day's young, the idea of mixing the Dry Cane with the vermouth is a pleasure in itself.

And the actual act of mixing it is no problem at all.

However as the day progresses, the sun beats incessantly down, sapping

ɔur innermost strength.

And even the most stalwart sailors ɑn hardly find the energy to mix the ry Cane and vermouth.

But this is where life at sea does have s small compensations.

Provided you can muster up the ɔurage just to pour these two delicious gredients into the glass.

The swell of the sea gently rocking the boat mixes the Dry Cane and vermouth slowly and delectably for you.

The only arduous task left now is to summon up the energy required to lift the drink to your lips.

And very few people have not been able to fulfill this part of the ordeal.

DRY CANE
WHITE RUM

The Italian Job

by John Blunsden

The De Tomaso Pantera is the car that motoring fanatics' dreams are made of. Fast, powerful, extravagant, expensive and very, very exclusive.

Have you ever felt like splashing out, and indulging yourself with a once-in-a-lifetime purchase of the sort of car you've always craved, could never really afford, and certainly would be very hard put to justify? Haven't we all?

Unfortunately, for those able to indulge, the product all too often fails to measure up to the promise, while the price tag can at times be a joke, even to the most extravagantly indulgent.

The success of the De Tomaso Pantera lies in the fact that here is a car which *does* live up to its promise – and in terms of sheer gutsy performance it exceeds it by a large margin – and because it carries a price tag which must make it something of a bargain amongst exotics at a little under or over £8,000, depending which of two available models you select (the more expensive GTS has a little more power, wider tyres and wing fairings, matt black body stripes and large white-painted lettering along the sides, otherwise it is like the cheaper L model).

In Britain, the cars are brought in through Modena Concessionaires Ltd., the London-based importers, who also offer two of the larger-bodied De Tomasos, the Longchamp 2+2 coupé and the four-door, five-seater Deauville, at about £10,700 and £10,000, respectively.

The Pantera, therefore, is the 'fun' car of the range, the car with a fine racing pedigree (in 1974 Chris Meek's Group 3 car scored seven wins and took six lap records in Britain alone).

Like the other De Tomasos, the Pantera is powered by the 5.7 litre Ford V8 engine which, even with all the American emission equipment attached, turns out a useful 330 horsepower at 5400 rpm, and has an even more impressive torque figure of some 380 pounds feet at 4000 rpm. Translated into practicalities, it means that once you've built the revs up to a modest 1500 rpm, you press the right foot and the car takes off like a rocket.

From standstill to 60 mph takes under 6 seconds, even though you have to tread carefully to avoid wheelspin, even in the dry, while 100 mph comes up in a brief 13.4 seconds. Put a standard road car down a quarter-mile drag strip, and you'll be touching well over 'the ton' at the end of it, some 14 seconds after the start. (In good conditions you should be able to see 160 mph from the L).

The Pantera is one of the more successful adoptions of the mid-engined philosophy, a layout made possible by attaching the engine directly to a

Photographs by Tony Power

German ZF combined five-speed gearbox and final-drive unit. The gear ratios are sensibly spaced, and if you restrict yourself to 6000 revs you can see 50 mph in first, 75 mph in second, 107 mph in third and 131 mph in fourth gear.

Although by no means a quiet car, neither is the Pantera excessively noisy, indeed, only at very low speeds, when you encounter a resonant period, are you really conscious of the noise level. Raising the electrically operated windows helps to cut out much of the boom from the four large-diameter exhaust pipes, and as the car is equipped with an air conditioning plant the windows should be kept closed whenever possible.

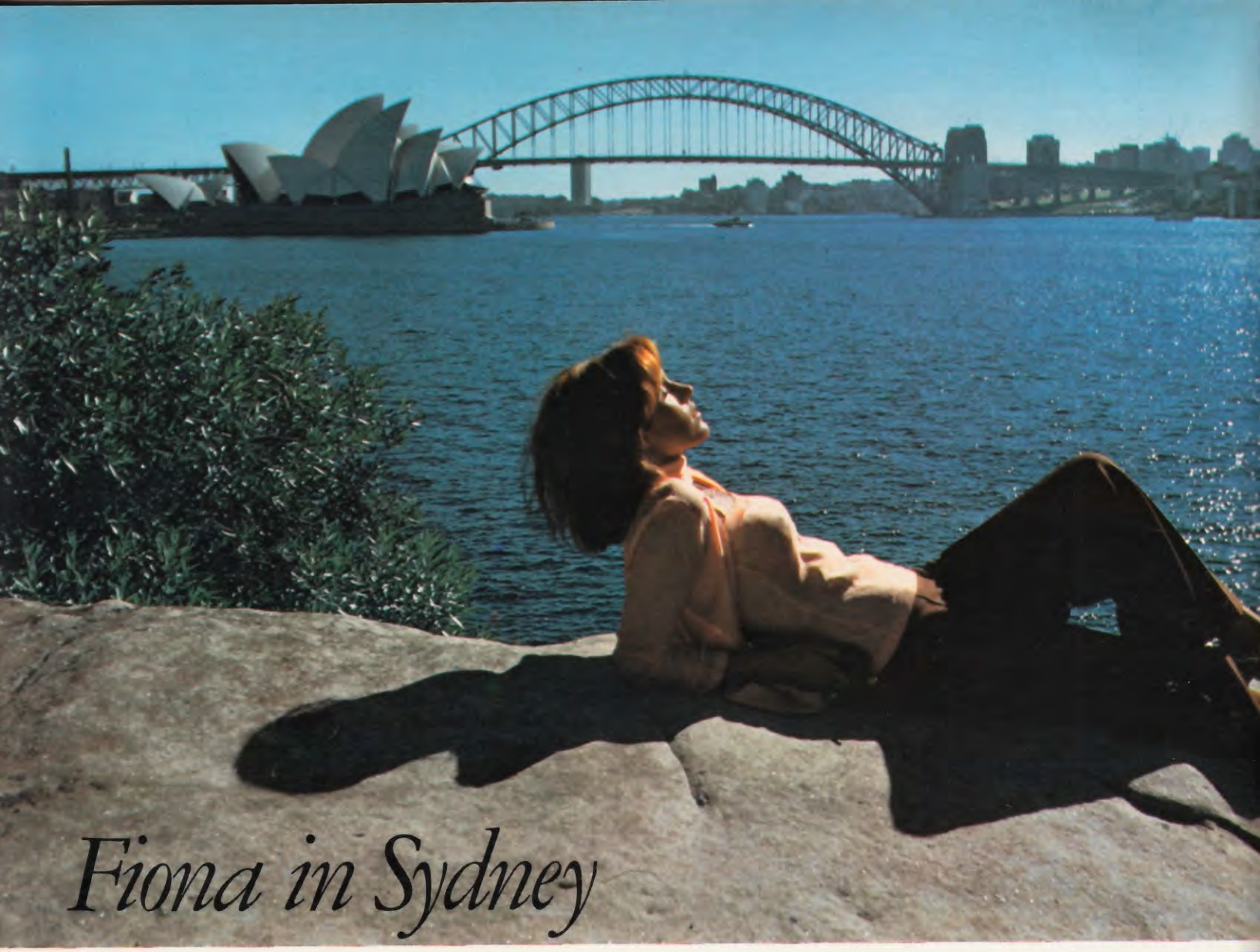
Independently suspended all round by double wishbones and coil springs and with anti-roll bars at both ends, the Pantera has outstanding cornering power. In extreme conditions, made more noticeable on wet roads, the handling characteristics tend towards understeer, but backing off the accelerator usually suffices to bring the nose around more tightly, while conversely you can dab the accelerator to unstick the back end on a tight corner and enjoy an easily controlled slide.

The driving position is excellent, the two seats are comfortable despite quite shallow padding on the cushions, and the control layout generally good, although the pedal offset is considerable. The clutch pedal has an over-strong spring, but the gear-shift itself is helped by a well-defined gate at the base of the lever. The brakes (large discs outboard-mounted all round) are very impressive when they have warmed to their job.

As the front compartment is full of spare wheel, fluid reservoirs and other impedimenta, including a good tool kit, luggage space is confined to a box behind the engine, so tell her you'll be travelling light . . .

Oh! I almost forgot – rear-three-quarter vision is diabolical, so hang on an exterior mirror or two if you want to enjoy that look of utter frustration on the face of the cop as he tries vainly to keep up!

If you want to know more about the Pantera, their main agents in this country are at the Western Green Service Station, Hampton Court Way, Esher, Surrey. (Tel: 01-398 3383). Mike Doidge is the man you want to talk to. He's a walking encyclopaedia on this car. MG



Fiona in Sydney

This is Fiona reporting from Down-Under – and I didn't dig my way there with a spade. I'm not very hot at that type of manual work – although I have, of course, been down-under before in more ways than one.

Sydney, however, wasn't my first Kangaroo jump. En route to Aussie-land I went via Fiji where there are more Aussies than palm trees; so I had a little hop there as a taste of what was to come.

I think Sydney is the only groovy city in Australia and it has the added advantage that one can walk down the main street without being jumped on by a 'roo. I was prepared to be jumped on by an Aussie but a 'roo, no. Sydney has changed in leaps and bounds since my last visit. Then I believe Noddy books were banned because Noddy stamped his feet at a policeman and was therefore obviously a bad influence on children! Poor Noddy!

As a real pommie bum I seemed to go down quite well in Sydney. I did all the usual touristy things: Sydney 'bloody' Harbour Bridge, the freaked out Opera House, Bondi Beach and beautiful Rose Bay. I also paid a visit to Newtown and the Elizabethan Theatre where my dear friend Barry Humphries was appearing with great success. Before I get going I must just say that of my list of airlines, which varies from great to grotty, Quaint Ass (and they certainly aren't!) are the tops. Quantas seats recline more than any others I've tried. I slept beautifully after having been served a superb meal. When I woke I found a card propped up in front of me. The message read "Rejoice, I'm coming" and on the reverse side "Glad we *had* you on board." It was signed by the captain and flight deck crew. Fellas, wherever you are, bless you and keep grabbing your M.O.s.

My second day in Sydney, having crammed in as much sightseeing as possible, was spent doing more personal things. I wanted to inspect the local opals! I paid a visit to a shop in George Street in the Rocks Area, where you can purchase rough and unset opals and also fabulous opal jewellery. I had almost decided on a Queensland Boulder opal when a slim hand shot out of nowhere and slipped in amongst the stones. The hand was accompanied by a very svelte body and youthful face. A soft mouth opened and launched into a great tirade as to which was the most suited to me. In the end I had to agree that this guy was absolutely right. He chose a 'beaut' which cost me a 'beaut' price.

Larry was this lad's name. At least he looked like a slip of a lad in his faded blue jeans and jersey. He was tall, with fine grey eyes, a soft voice and a very gentle manner. After his initial burst of courage to wax eloquent about opals, he suddenly dried up, smiled shyly down at me and hesitatingly asked me if I would like to see an opal mine in operation. He took me to the Opal Skymine where we walked through an authentic replica of an opal mine. I would have been quite happy just to sit and gaze at this wondrous sight all day. Outside, however, Sydney was calling me into its hustle and bustle. This supremely beautiful and sometimes downright ugly city was waiting to welcome me into its bosom. Exploring its vastness with Larry was infinitely more pleasurable than fumbling around on my own with a guide book. I really didn't look upon Larry as a possible bed-partner. He struck me as being altogether too young – and possibly gay – but nevertheless a delightfully delicious companion.

Happily exhausted after our sightseeing we returned to my hotel, *The Menzies*, for coffee. It was only then, when I really began to seriously talk to Larry, that I learned he wasn't just out of kindergarten but, in fact, my senior by a year. The more we talked the more I grew to like this gentle man. He began to open out like a rosebud blossoming to full bloom. We drank endless cups of coffee. The coffee shop emptied and night fell. So engrossed were we in our conversation we simply moved from coffee shop to restaurant. I wasn't particularly interested in the food placed in front of me. I was thinking more of abandoning myself and my body to Larry's fine hands and soft lips.

The thought of that slender body lying close to mine was exciting me. I placed my hand over his and found myself looking into his gentle grey eyes which were full of sadness and yearning.

We talked endlessly of life and love until we found the restaurant had closed around us and the waiters were coughing discreetly in the distance. Two questions I had to ask Larry – was he gay or bi-sexual? The answer to both was negative.

And so to bed.

We sat together on the bed.

Larry held my bare foot in his hands. He seemed to have this great need to touch some part of me, while he talked. He told me that he hadn't had a lot of sexual experience and he was worried at times that he might be homosexual because although he had been to bed with a few girls (and girls only), on most occasions he didn't get a hard-on – or, if he did, it disappeared in seconds. He'd always physically fancied girls but he'd had a bad experience when a more sexually experienced girl had laughed at him because of his impotency.

As all this came pouring out Larry continued the gentle manipulation of my foot. He went on to explain that the more uptight he got about his condition the worse it became and he hadn't been to bed with a girl now for more than six months, because he was terrified of making a fool of himself. He had had one girlfriend who was very understanding and after a length of time he became more relaxed with her and his penis became more stiff. Besides physically turning me on, I felt a certain sort of tenderness for Larry. Would you believe the mother in me was surfacing? I love talking (next to screwing) but when needs-be I can be a good listener. Larry seemed to be able to communicate and talk freely with me.

Dawn was breaking over Sydney when we finally went to bed, carefully leaving a 'do not disturb' sign on the door. For all I knew this bout might take days. How lucky can I get? Silently, without fuss, we undressed. We just stood facing each other in the dimly-lit room. Larry was extremely slender. His pale skin was covered with fine golden down. His skin under my touch had the same texture as that of a baby chicken. I ruffled the feathers on his chest and with my forefinger traced a line down past his belly button to where the light covering of hair thickened into a dark brown matted mass. His penis lay slumbering, like Sleeping Beauty about to be wakened from a hundred years' sleep. Larry reached out for me, put his hand tenderly round the back of my neck and pulled me to him. We stood naked and close with our arms clasped round each other's bodies.

Larry covered my face and neck with kisses. He used his small and pointed tongue skilfully. He slipped it in and out of my mouth, around my ears and finally licked the nape of my neck. He tenderly ran his fingers upwards through my hair. I slowly lowered my hands to his bottom. He has the most magnificent backside that has ever been my good fortune to feel. It was exactly the right size and shape for his height, firm and smooth to my touch. I just couldn't leave it alone. If I had to choose between a superb Aussie bottom or a local opal I'd pick the former every single time.

Larry started to murmur how much he wanted me. Although he was feeling this tremendous desire no erection came.

"Fi, I've never wanted anyone so badly as I want you now. Why doesn't my brain send a signal to my cock?"

I laughed.

"Sweetheart, we haven't done anything yet except kiss and cuddle. Don't expect it to leap up in a second. We've got ages yet, after all I'm here for a week." We both laughed and Larry relaxed visibly.

I thought the best plan of attack, so to speak, was to keep him preoccupied and happy so that he wouldn't start worrying about his condition. I turned down the bed covers and we both climbed in, snuggling up together, pulling the blankets around us tightly. We lay there hugging, bodies close, arms and legs wrapped round each other. Because of Larry's length I had to lie with my head on his chest. Again a lot of light chat but no action.

I suffer from cold hands (just ask the lovely Kevan who I massage in *Let's Get Laid* at the Windmill Theatre) so I pushed them between my thighs which

Photographs by Mike Bramman

is the warmest place I know! As soon as they reached a reasonable temperature I began to rub them down Larry's soft hairy chest and into his velvety pubes. I think it is very unkind to grab a guy's cock with freezing cold mitts. Larry gasped not from cold but from pleasure as my hand closed round his lovely stalk. I told him not to take any notice of what I was doing but to keep talking. We continued our conversation as though we were still sitting over a cup of coffee. At least Larry made a valiant try to keep his end of the chat up but it was interspersed with grunts and groans. If this had gone down on tape it would certainly have been more interesting than all the Watergate tapes.

Meanwhile I had nosed my way down the bed and was having a conversation of my own with Larry's penis. (Well, some people talk to plants to make them grow. Why shouldn't the same apply to penes?) "Good day, sport. You're a beaut." It seemed to understand as it cocked its head at me as if to say, "She's right, mate." Too flaming true. It was beginning to rise like a sponge cake in a hot oven. Larry grabbed my head.

"Quick, let's strike while the iron is hot."

He hopped on top of me like a regular 'roo. He was so overanxious to get in that he missed twice, dismissed my offer of guidance and just as he was about to make a third attempt, his erection disappeared like a puff of smoke in the wind . . . and they say third time lucky!

With a yelp of frustration and despair Larry rolled off me, his grey eyes brimming with tears. I said I felt maternal towards Larry, now the mother in me really came out. I held him tight in my arms and soothed him. Eventually he quietened down.

"See, I told you it just goes down with a thump or even worse doesn't come up at all," he muttered bitterly.

What was I going to do? I had a few ideas up my sleeve but he definitely wasn't the sort of lover to be rushed.

"Larry, love, forget the past and concentrate on just you and me and the fact that we want to make love to each other. Please remember we have all the time in the world. I don't care if it takes us the rest of today, tonight and all tomorrow. We can rest up and send down for refreshment. In fact, it might be a good idea to have a little drink right now."

I dialled room service and asked for two exotic but not too potent cocktails. They must have thought I was some sort of alcoholic nut ordering drinks at that hour of the morning but I didn't care about them – but I *did* care about Larry. Sex should be a happy, spontaneous act, not a trial by judge and jury to see whether a guy can get it up or not.

The warmth of the liquor was beginning to seep through our bones. I threw back the bedclothes to expose the whole of Larry's nakedness. I suddenly noticed that apart from his incredible arse, Larry had the most fabulous feet, and especially handsome big toes. I motioned for him to sit up and then plonked myself on his big toe. Using my fingers I waggled the pad of his toe up and down on my little warm nesting place. It was heaven. I could manoeuvre this smooth pad around each small crook and cranny thereby giving myself the utmost pleasure. Wow, it was fanbloodytastic! Larry leaned against the pillows completely mesmerised by my antics. I was almost swooning with delight and Larry was loving my loving it. If you see what I mean. As I was working myself up Larry was also coming to the boil. Once again his penis raised itself up and brought my tongue up to the tip of his penis, keeping my moist pink lips firmly closed over its lovely head. I stretched further down the bed and began to grind myself into the mattress, heaving my bottom up and down as though I was fucking the bed. This was more than Larry could bear and he started hollering at the top of his voice. With an unceremonious plop he pulled his penis free, leapt on top of me and started kissing and feeling every part of my moving buttocks. I continued to hang on to the end of the bed with my hands pressing myself into the bed so that he could not reach any other part of me.

Suddenly a rough hand tore my legs apart. The moment the hand touched the warmth between my legs it became an unutterably sweet and seductive caress, fingering, feeling and fluttering in and around all the right places. Larry was driving me wild. Not letting his hand slip from my nest he

'I wasn't particularly interested in the food placed in front of me. I was thinking of abandoning myself and my body to Larry's fine hands and soft lips.'

once again Larry attempted to leap on top of me but I wasn't having that again. This time we were really going to make it and how!

When I was completely juiced up and ready for any small mercies, even a semi-erect penis, I asked Larry to kneel at the end of the bed with his legs apart. I lay flat out on my tummy so my head came into contact with Larry's penis. I took this semi-hard object into my mouth and very carefully, lovingly licked and sucked my way to the base. As I did this I clasped that lovely bottom in both of my hands, squeezing it firmly as if it was a precious piece of dough. Larry was begging me to stop, desperate once more to try to drill through my soft warm tunnel. I didn't care if he shouted and screamed until he brought the walls tumbling around us, there was no way I was going to give up something as delicious and tasty as this without a fight. I let go of his bottom and turned me over and deftly slipped his thumb into me while the rest of his fingers fanned out on my pussy. His thumb eased gently up and down while his outsplayed fingers dallied and delved into my tuft. I lay back enjoying every single sweet sensation. (Looking back I think Larry must have developed this superb technique because of his deficiency in other departments).

Larry swiftly replaced his hand by what felt like a warm bendy sausage. My own randy 'roo was off again! I squirmed out from under him and took a firm grip on him once again. Within seconds he came with a colossal spurt and a scream of "I love you". I think for that second he probably did, but more than that it was sheer relief combined with exquisite joy. After all the guy hadn't had his rocks off in six months. When he lay back, I wasn't sure if he was laughing or crying. It didn't really matter. He was happy anyway. I gave him a brief respite, all of two minutes, and started on him again. Larry looked at me, his eyes wide open in disbelief.

"No, I couldn't possibly," he gasped. "Oh, yes, you can, and you will and this time you'll take me properly," I replied. I believe in striking while the iron is hot. The more I got him going the easier it would be for him to break out of the shell in which he had been hiding. I don't know whether it was the fact that I'd kept him away from the place he desired to penetrate which did the trick, or whether my fairy godmother was at it with her magic wand, but hey presto, after a few seconds of me playing and fondling with his penis, up it jumped. This time with a stiffness of which anyone would be proud. I know I would if I had one! I don't think Larry could believe his eyes at this glorious sight or his ears when I said: "Go on then, fuck me." Very, very gently he slid gracefully home.

He started a very slow rhythmic thrust, then the pace grew faster and the penetration deeper. I kept my eyes open enjoying the intense look of pleasure on his face. I whispered to him to slow down and this he did without losing one bit of his beautiful erection. He took his courage in both hands and withdrew to the outer perimeter, ducking in and out of my lower lips thus enabling me to reach down and caress his balls. I cupped them in my hands and gently rocked and squeezed them until he moaned and shot his whole length into me, thrusting and pushing with all his might. His teeth bit into my flesh. If it hurt at the time, I was too far gone to notice. Larry's eyes were closed tight, his hands encircled my boobs. Then I was overcome, giving way to the ripples of pleasure, my bones melting away until my whole body shook with sheer delight and joy. Larry followed me seconds later stabbing into me again and again with cry after cry of "I love you. Darling Fiona, how I love you!"

Then all was quiet. We hugged each other and then both burst out laughing. It was then Larry who didn't want to stop. He hugged me closer and then started to kiss me all over, paying special attention to my boobs which he had all but neglected previously. If he wasn't careful he would have started me off again and I told him so. He laughed and said: "Great, let's do it again and again."

By now it was afternoon and we fell asleep and awoke to find a new day dawning. The sun was rising over the crystal waters of Sydney harbour. The city began to wake up and Aussies everywhere were getting up to face a new day. If they are anything like my Larry, all I can say is "Good on you, mates." MD

MARTELL 1715
Bastille 1789

A few brave spirits can
always change the course of history.

Sex for two or more

by Todd Mallanson

The game of sex is sometimes amusing, sometimes grim and sometimes actually terrifying. However, sex as an organised *game is something else again. This feature examines some bizarre sex games for two or more players.*

No television network would have touched this sport, but according to Hedy Lamarr the crowd of guests on Errol Flynn's rolling lawns waited with breathless expectation for the fun to begin. A greyhound circuit had been marked out and Strauss waltzs were pealing from the amplifiers. The "bunny" appeared, the sort of bunny more at home wiggling her way through a club with a trayful of drinks than gnawing a leaf of lettuce. Chic little shoes, net stockings, and a powderpuff tail on the base of the spine were all the clothes needed. According to Miss Lamarr, Marilyn Monroe in her earlier days was a "bunny" at a Flynn race meeting.

The "hounds" were six well-endowed young studs, eager and excited, with numbers tied to their backs for the gamblers. As the bunny-girl knelt to her marks, raised her behind trimly to get set, and then sprinted away she must have done much to stiffen their resolve. After a brief pause, the hounds were let loose. The prize for which the girl raced was a sable stole. If a hound could catch her before the finish, his prize was the girl herself. The girl's consolation prize would be some very enthusiastic loving. For the spectators, there was the thrill of the chase, the girl sprinting with breasts bobbing, bottom twinkling, glancing back wide-eyed at her determined pursuers.

Erotic games have a deep-rooted appeal for many men and women, as participant or spectator sports. Routines often rely on the thrill of the chase, the girl half wanting to escape and half longing to be caught, or on some competitive element. A few games are non-competitive and merely forms of excitement for the players. In the 1950s, in the large gardens of a house at Neuilly, north-west of Paris, occurred a remarkable performance of the "Cirque Erotique," a sexual exhibition which has recurred in varying forms since the 1920s. At Neuilly there was even a "big top", and a most unusual cycle race. Four teams of girls competed, round and round the ring for a considerable time. The "prize" for the girls was the enjoyment of the race. They rode naked, and the saddles of the bicycles had been carefully shaped to produce a remorseless titillation of the clitoris and the vaginal pouch.

At every push on the pedals the girl's excitement would increase, her urges growing warmer with every circuit of the ring. According to one spectator, even the women in the audience were "highly excited" by the spectacle. Glancing up, a girl would find their opera glasses trained on her bottom and thigh movements as she laboured perspiringly on the teasing saddle. Some girls brought themselves off after several circuits, others became highly excited but were inhibited by the onlookers. They became "erotically disturbed" and lost control of themselves, and "sobbed and cried".

The erotic game may be very perverse or very innocent. It can be a simple outburst of romping or horseplay in which girls or boys find an unrealised substitute for sex. Girls may find a thrill in teasing a boy, wrestling with him, and being subdued by him. But when sex is the "prize" the erotic game is no longer enough in itself. Love games may be gentle or solemn, they may be as blatant and cynical as strip-poker. In many forms they appeal more to the girl than the man, especially to girls who find it difficult to start love-making "cold" and need "something exciting" to put them in a warmer mood.

Perhaps the true sportsmen or sportswomen are those who play the game for its own sake, with no sexual "reward" or "forfeit". Take, for instance, the following example. One boy and three girls are playing tennis doubles. One girl, a cropped fluffy blonde with an eye-catching figure, is letting her partner down. In white knee-socks contrasting with pale gold tan on her smooth trim thighs she seems, certainly, an appealing partner. A return volley skims the net. The girl races and skids for the far corner but misses it. She says, "Bastard!" in an ambiguous and most unladylike outburst of frustration. Her girl partner pipes up. "Fourth in a row! Come on! Over the net!" The fluffy blonde attempts to argue but at length gives up. She walks to the net, and bends over it, legs together and fingers touching the grass on the far side. She is wearing pale blue jeans cut down raggedly to brief shorts. As she bends, the tight cotton seat swells suggestively and the pants ride up high to reveal two crescents of sun-tanned bottom-cheeks. The others take it in turn to squat on the far side of the net and hold her down by the wrists.

The forfeit is mild enough and is not overtly sexual. The girl has missed four returns and now each of the other three will serve four "stingers", as they call them, on her "sit-upon", as they coyly describe it. At a few yards' range, each of the twelve serves is certainly a "stinger" and one, which hits her bare leg, leaves a red blotch. The forfeit is a romp, however, not a sadistic orgy, though the little blonde does cry out, "Oh, you bitch!" when her impatient partner deliberately serves three balls running on the same tender spot. But once the forfeit is paid, the excitement subsides and play resumes. Wimbledon would never be the same again.

Many erotic games, played by boys and girls in their early teens, are even more innocent. One beach-game, which is undoubtedly erotic, is played by a group of Swedish language-students in full view of strollers on the pier and the serried ranks of deck-chairs. In the centre of a circle of boys and girls, a curly-haired blonde lies face-down. She wears a red singlet and a pair of rather dark blue jeans, on the seat of which another girl and a boy are playing noughts-and-crosses in chalk. The curly-haired blonde is a willing subject and it is all so unobtrusive that the elders and betters in the deck-chairs have probably not even noticed it. The jeans are tight enough to outline the blonde girl's figure very clearly. While contemplating each move, the girl-player doodles her chalk up and down the rear cleavage from the base of the spine to the back opening of the thighs. Then she licks her finger and wipes off the doodle. As she does so, the curly-haired blonde slyly closes her cheeks, gently trapping the impudent finger in her bottom-crack. When the game is over, the chalk is dusted off and two more contestants take over.

At such a sensitive stage of physical and emotional development, a girl must obviously play and be played with very gently indeed. The play must be more important than sex, and should probably not be regarded as leading to it. In most cases it is desirable that the "players" should all be from the same age-group. Girls of eighteen or twenty may involve themselves freely in "games" involving punishments or unorthodox forms of sex which would be permanently and psychologically wounding to girls of a more vulnerable age.

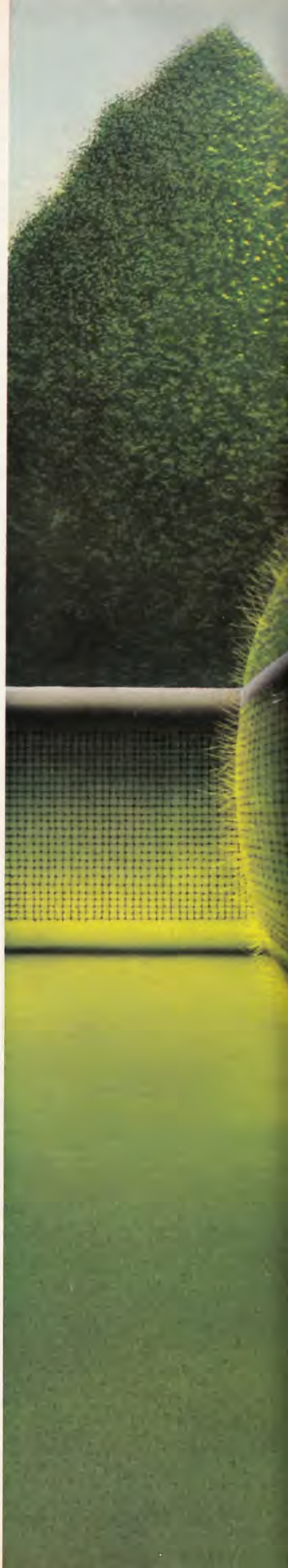


Illustration by Graham Dean

The more outrageous forms of erotic sport, accepted by some girls in their late teens and twenties are predictable enough. Walter, the diarist of *My Secret Life,* recalls an evening with Lord A and a party of girls. The room was in darkness and the girls were required to guess, from the sensation alone, which man's penis was inside them at any given moment. The truth of the story is beyond proof or disproof. Walter may have been exaggerating or lying. Yet cases of a far more extraordinary nature come to court quite often. Lord A's erotic jape seems almost sedate by comparison with the antics of Louise Molyb and Philippe Leroy. They were charged with offences against public morals and Charles Virmaitre, who attended the case, reported that though he had been hardened by many criminal hearings, the evidence which he heard in this one shocked him.

Louise Molyb, a tall good-looking girl with long blonde hair, had taken part in "scandalous debauchery" with Leroy, another girl, and a boy. The climax of their orgy was a perversely ingenious erotic game. Louise presented herself on all fours, naked but for black stockings and long black gloves, "her blonde hair lying loose across her bare shoulders". Leroy took a candle and "introduced it into her behind" until only the tip with its wick peeped out between her cheeks. The two men and the girl lit tapers. The game was to see who could light the wick first while Louise ran, squirming and contorting her backside wildly to prevent them. "Inevitably the tapers often missed the wick and touched her bare skin. Her bottom writhed harder under the sharp pain of the little burn but she continued the chase vigorously."

Eventually, one of the pursuers would light the wick. However, Louise could still "win" the game. It seems that her hands were secured in front of her and she could not reach the candle with them. But if, by some means, she could extinguish the flame, she was the winner. To have attempted to snuff the flame with her cheeks would have caused unspeakable pain, so, according to Virmaitre, "she ran this way and that, the rush of air making the flame waver, drops of hot wax falling on her bare flesh". The flame dancing dangerously in so sensitive an area made her acknowledge defeat eventually. She would lie on the floor and, after a final "conclusive" excitement, wait limply for the "victor" to take his reward.

Few erotic sports were as scandalous as this, though some have been a great deal more cold-blooded. At the time of the "Ballets Roses" scandals in France, during the late 1950s and early 1960s, there were rumours of the roulette wheel being put to erotic and commercial purposes in well-run houses for rich men and beautiful, but gold-hungry, girls. The idea of a girl's sexual fate being dependent on the spin of a roulette wheel was by no means new and its appeal is obvious enough for those whose taste and wealth runs to such extremes. Each "impair" or odd number was for the man, each "pair" or even number for the girl. The first girl asks that the wheel shall be spun and the man who is prepared to put up the largest sum plays against her. If the ball comes to rest on an even number, the girl collects the money and is the winner. If it comes to rest on an odd number, the man is the winner. Just what he may have "won" depends on the precise number. Each odd number has an act allotted to it, orthodox intercourse, fellatio, anal sex, lesbian love-making, but the orthodox kind appearing most often. Whatever it is, the girl must offer it in a boudoir near the gaming room. However, she may choose to go "double or quits" still retaining the money if she wins, but obliged to provide a "double service" if she loses.

It seems a far cry from a Swedish teenager innocently offering the seat of her jeans for noughts-and-crosses to the hard-bitten commercial prostitution of the roulette wheel or the crapulous acting-out of fantasies by such girls as Louise Molyb. The common factor seems to be a desire to surrender body and will, usually a woman's, to chance. It is significant that when the roulette wheel spun for double or quits, the most excited person in the room was said to be the girl and the next most excited the other girls, to whom the masochistic thrill speedily communicated itself. Indeed, there is some profound depth of female masochism which seems to be stirred by the erotic game.

Such games are an exercise in erotic fantasy and ingenuity. Some are so ingenious that they remain unthought of except by rare and perverse minds. Others are common, if not universal. The idea of the roulette wheel has recurred from time to time but the idea of a hunt with the girl as prey is still more common. It is, after all, the basis of the Errol Flynn races. Some hunts, however, have been more literal than that, the girl being tracked down by armed hunters. This is less alarming than it sounds, as Grimaudin D'Echara recalled in the *Synthese Erotologique*, describing a hunt of the 1920s which took place on the island of Corfu.

The young "doe", Janina, was a fair Slav beauty who ran nude. The hunters were equipped with rubber-tipped arrows, each tip covered with dye. An arrow which hit the girl would do no harm, beyond leaving a blob which could be sponged off later with spirit. Each blob would count for one sex act for Janina when the hunt was over, and there were evidently enough strapping labourers on the estate to make numbers no problem. She would receive each lover in the "nearest entrance to the particular dye-mark". Most of the hunters attempted to head the girl off in order to come at her from the front and aim their arrows at her belly and thighs. One older man was content to follow more slowly "landing shot after shot on the cheeks of Janina's bottom". Afterwards, the mistress of the estate examined the girl's body and Janina's eyes "widened in dismay" as she heard the total of "four in front and seven behind!"

The theme of the erotic game is one which is tailor-made for fiction. The descriptions given in such pseudonymously issued novels as *Venus' Fly-Trap,* and other "Times Square" pulp fiction may be fantastic but the books sometimes hit shrewdly on the psychological motives which prompt men and, particularly, women to submit to the "rules of the game". In this particular story the "hunt" is elaborately described. Two married women in their late twenties are the "prey". One is "very fair-skinned with wavy red hair cut short. The bra of her brown bikini cupped her soft breasts high. Her experience of childbearing had given a subtle fullness to her pale hips and thighs, making her bikini pants absurdly inadequate for her proudly curved bottom". Her companion is a brunette with "a powerful, sun-tanned body, well-oiled and glowing like deep gold against her white swimsuit".

As in the "greyhound racing" the hunters are carefully chosen while male and female guests watch through glasses. The two women run through hedge and ditch, their pursuers gaining on them. The brunette crawls first under an awkward barbed-wire and bramble hedge, the redhead follows and stops suddenly, her hair and the back of her bra caught. The brunette, looking back, sees her twisting her head and shoulders frantically, "as though deliberately wanting to entwine herself more thoroughly. Her bosom heaved with a wild excitement as her fearfulness fought against her mounting desire to be taken by the six men".

The pursuers find "Carrots", as they call her, "gift-wrapped . . kneeling with head bowed under the thicket and her pale arse in the little bikini-pants high in the air". After "some joking with her and playful smacking", the brown pants come down. There is a great deal of harping on "the soft round cheeks of the redhead's arse" or "the randy wriggling of Carrots under her lovers' hands". Then the joking stops and the forfeits are paid. Later on, the brunette returns to find her sleeping "calm but exhausted" on the turf. The redhead is sleeping with her pants still down, "filled to overflowing with the pleasures of love, her bottom still fiery pink from a lovers' tiff". Echoing Lady Chatterley, she has had "the hunting-out she needed", the huntsmen having "set a fire blazing in every cranny and then quenched it abundantly". It is her only experience of this kind and she returns to her married life, never repeating it. However, her secret happiness (with which the book ends) is to retire to the bedroom when the house is empty and put on the brown bikini. Lying on the bed where she can see herself in the mirror, she pushes down the pants and "relives the hunt, minute by minute". Even in its last sentences the story is preoccupied with the thrill of the erotic game. "In her solitude Carrots recalled the excitement of the kill. The first fingers had pried teasingly round the edges of her pants and she had thrown a wild redhead's tantrum. The fingers had lowered her pants and then her brown eyes grew round and her wide mouth had opened in a yell at the first resounding smacks of the spanking which brought her to heel. They made her ready and a lover entered her warm willing body, soothing her with the liquid warmth of his climax, so that she was ready for another. Once or twice there had been whispers in her ears, promising unspeakable forms of love. She heard again her own cries and protests that such things were filthy and loathsome. But they were done to her, nevertheless, and the men had seen that, despite her revulsion, her excitement grew. In her madness she had turned her face to her lover that he might see the grimaces of passion she gave and might enjoy his triumph more fully. Now, as she lay on the bed, riding towards fulfilment, she looked at her body in the mirror and thought that if she were a man she would have done all those things to her – and more."

The experiences of the "Carrot-topped Venus" are a comment on the psychology of the erotic game and, incidentally, on the erotic dreamworld of American suburbia. It is the erotic game at its fullest, complete with the "triumph" of the victorious male, the "surrender" of the girl's body even to "unspeakable" things. Its appeal is the appeal of the "risk" and the "dare" with sex as the prize-cum-forfeit. In that sense, it seems a game of "truth or dare" for men and women above the age of consent. Whether sex gains in excitement or loses in dignity depends very much on the game, and the point of view of the potential players.

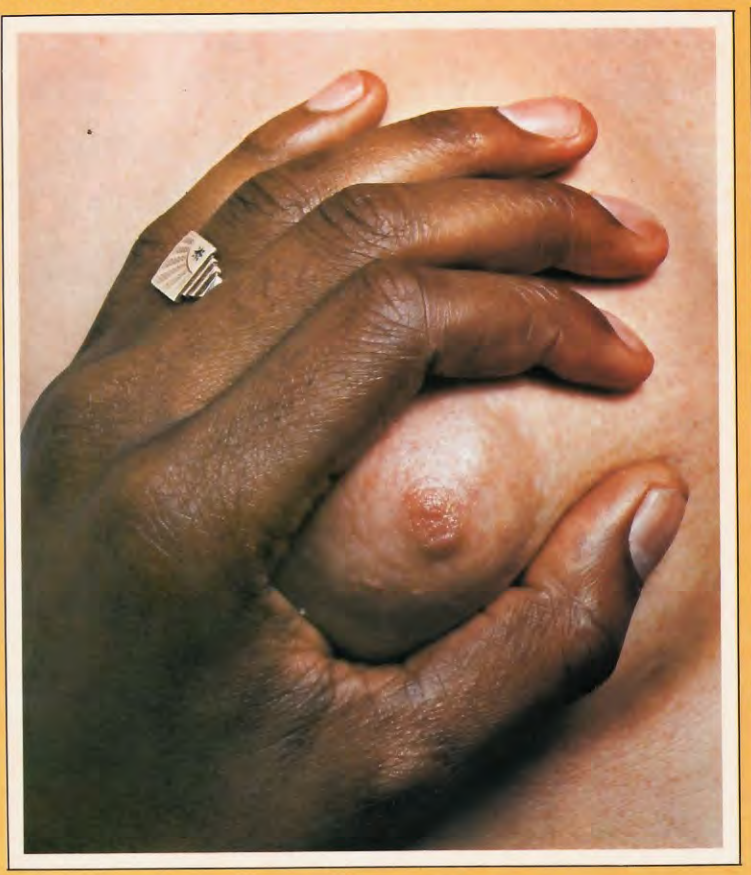
MODUS OPERANDI

edited by David Jones

Each month Men Only *presents* Modus Operandi, *an in-depth survey of female sexuality, in which the social, biological and physical aspects of individual women's personal approaches to love and sex are examined in detail. The series features exclusive, completely frank interviews with women of all ages and from all walks of life and is reproduced exactly as told to* Men Only's *team of researchers by the women themselves. The series is dedicated to the greater understanding and mutual enjoyment of sexual relationships between men and women. All names are fictitious to protect the anonymity of the interviewees.*

Volume Fourteen.

Sex is normally one of the mainstays between men and women in either permanent or on-going relationships, but it is by no means always the most important factor. Relationships that may have started simply from sexual attraction often continue long after the initial sexual excitement has diminished, or even disappeared. Alternatively, relationships with strong sexual ties frequently break down because the partners find that they have little else with which to sustain the association. How then do women react when, for whatever reason, they find themselves with a new lover, after perhaps years of being accustomed to the sexual foibles of one man? What do they think and feel as they experience new techniques from those that have either previously fascinated, bored, fulfilled or frustrated them? Does a man's sexual prowess—or the lack of it—relate to his ability to attract, or are women prepared to put up with poor technique or performance, provided that there are enough other factors with which she can relate? These are some of the questions put in this month's *Modus Operandi* to women who have recently left one relationship for another. The answers show that women in this situation—as in all situations—are as varied in their attitudes and reactions to this particular shade in the spectrum of sexual experience as they are to everything which affects their sexual happiness.



First Interview.

Maureen, aged twenty-eight, single and on semi-permanent vacation in London from her home in the United States. Not working.

Maureen: I left my husband almost a year ago now and I heard just recently that he has divorced me over there, so, yes, I'm single. He was a pretty good lover. I never had any complaints. But I met this English musician with a group doing a series of concerts Stateside and from the very first moment I saw him, I knew something fantastic was going to happen. My husband and I were standing together at a party when someone introduced us to John. I felt strange, as if I couldn't speak. I can't explain it properly. It's never happened to me before. I just knew that I would leave my husband and follow this man around for the rest of my life. I knew he felt something, too, but I wasn't sure what. He told me much later that he could see that I had hot knickers for him.

We chatted for a while and my husband moved away to talk to someone else and there we were, John and me, alone for a moment in a room full of people. He said, "You fancy me, don't you?" and I said, "Yes, I think so," and then he said could I get away and if I could, why didn't I go along to where he was staying later that evening. He gave me the address. After the party we went home and a little later I just left our apartment and went there. I didn't tell my husband I was going out – I just left.

When I arrived at where John was staying he had just finished eating. We had a couple of drinks and then we just went into his room and made love. And this is the strange part. Although it was good, it wasn't as good as sex with my husband. John is younger, of course, but that really just means more enthusiastic, rather than better. John has quite a small cock. It's a very pretty shape, and I love it, but the fact remains, it's not exactly the biggest cock in the world. But I just love to lie there and watch him and feel his cock inside me. That's total fulfilment for me. It doesn't make sense, does it?

I've been with John now nearly a year. I came back to England with him after the concert tour was over, and we've been together ever since. Sometimes when John is making love to me I hanker after some of the sexual excitement of my husband. He used to know every fibre of my body, knew how to turn me on, really get me going, and then really satisfy me. He'd spend hours sucking and playing with my breasts. I've always had tremendously sexy breasts. When they're sucked I get spasms in my pussy, and when they're sucked and squeezed for a long time, I get very wet and very randy and I just want to be fucked and fucked in every way possible. It's a two-way thing really, because any man who's prepared to spend time to get me really worked up can get me to do anything for him. My husband knew that. He'd get me going by doing things to my breasts that I like, and then he'd masturbate me to orgasm, so that I wasn't in too much of a hurry to get his cock up me. Then he'd get me to suck him. Not until he came, but just slowly and very sensually. He had tremendous—I don't know what you'd call it really . . . stamina, I suppose. I could suck him for ages without him coming. Then, when I could begin to feel that it was becoming urgent, when his cock grew even bigger and started to throb, he'd pull it out of my mouth and thrust it into me and really fuck me. Really hard.

With John it's much more simple. He is sexually very, very straight. But I don't mind. Not as long as I'm with him. I may have had a more exciting sex life with my ex-husband, but it's John I want to spend my life with. Sex used to be a major motivation in my life. Now it's not so important. I'm prepared to admit that because I either have to accept John's lovemaking or be unfaithful to him, and that's something I couldn't do—I just couldn't let another man near me now.

Second Interview.
Kate, aged twenty-three, single, and working in London as a secretary.
Kate: Well, yes, you could say that changing sexual partners changes one's sexual habits. Yes, you could certainly say that. You see I've changed *my* sexual habits in more ways than one. I started off completely straight. I gave away what we used to refer to as 'my virginity' when I was sixteen. I thought it was fantastic. Sex, I mean. I thought I'd invented it. The guy was very kind and very gentle and quite an experienced lover. I had absolutely no complaints, not one. That lasted for three years. That's quite a long time to have an affair with the man you give your virginity to, isn't it? After that there were more men. I suddenly felt I needed variety—you know, a change. None of the others were as good as the first one, and I remember going through a stage of thinking I'd really blown it—that I should have stayed with the first one, perhaps married him—but that didn't last long. I started to enjoy the variety for variety's sake. Never knowing quite what to expect, wondering, before one actually got into bed, what their particular bag would be. Mostly it was me, if you'll forgive the pun. And then I met this girl at a party.

She wasn't a girl, really, she was a woman. I suppose I was then about twenty, and she would have been about thirty. I didn't realise at that particular moment that she was lesbian, I just felt this sort of warmth towards her. Well, to cut a long story short, she seduced me, and I loved it. I felt that 'discovering sex' feeling all over again. I found a whole new world of sexual expression and I explored it as fully as I possibly could. I only stayed with my first lesbian love for about three months and then I met a girl the same age as me and we set up home together.

We had a lot of fun. We both of us still went out with men. Sometimes we'd sleep with them and sometimes we wouldn't. It was a strange feeling of power in a funny way—liking men, but not being dependent on them for sex. Occasionally, when one or other of us found a man that was really good in bed, we'd share him. We'd take him back to our flat and we'd both take him to bed. We'd get him going by making love ourselves in front of him. You know the sort of thing. Then, when we were both wet from that, one of us would suck his cock until that was good and wet too, and then, if it was me who'd been doing that, I'd hold the lips of my girlfriend's pussy open for him and help him in. I must say we never had any complaints. It's the sort of thing most men fantasise about. When they actually get the opportunity to join in with a couple of girls, it does wonders for them.

After about two years of that—two great years I have to say, with a lot of fun and absolutely no regrets—I met Tony. He'd been around a bit. I mean, he'd probably had more girls than I'd had fellas, but he was as straight as a die. No group sex, no sharing girls with other men, or with other girls. I think he taught me what sex was really all about. That might sound ridiculous but it's true. He's given me a sense of values, taught me that sex isn't sensation without emotion, that things I used to think were a load of crap actually do matter. Things like affection, love, mutual respect. Giving, and making happy by giving, instead of only thinking about oneself. He's made me realise that true happiness comes from making other people happy. That dreadful, desperate search for personal happiness, by taking all the time, is over now. And I feel better for it. More relaxed, more *human* somehow. And apart from the happiness of mind, the sex bit is great, too. He's so *masculine*, so lovely, so lovable. I don't miss any of what I used to think was the excitement—or the variety either.

Men Only: Does Tony know about your lesbian experiences?
Kate: Oh, yes. I've always been honest with him. I didn't tell him immediately, of course. But as soon as it became apparent that there was more to our relationship than a casual affair, I told him everything. It didn't worry him—at least as far as I know it didn't. He's very sane, very together. His view is that anything I did with anyone—male or female—before I met him is entirely my own affair. Nor has he issued any ultimatums about what I should or shouldn't do now that I live with him. He doesn't need to, though. I'm not interested in anyone else. Sex with him is the greatest thing that's ever happened to me. He makes me feel feminine and loved and wanted and *sexy*. You can't knock that, can you?

Third Interview.
Rosalie, twenty-five, married for the second time, housewife and living in Gloucester.
Rosalie: It was certainly a change in sexual technique that made me leave my husband, and it was, I suppose, the reason for the break-up of my marriage. It depends which way round you look at it, really. I mean, Peter was my first husband and also the first and only man I'd ever been to bed with. I didn't really know anything about sex before him. The usual sort of fumblings as a young girl. But I met Peter when I was nineteen and we got married a year later. We made love before we got married, of course. We went off to London for a fortnight's holiday the year we met. We stayed at the Cumberland Hotel. I think I was more impressed with the hotel than with sex. It wasn't a great experience. It wasn't painful or anything like that. It just wasn't anything. No sooner had he put it inside me than it was all over. He used to enjoy it, and that seemed important at first. I know now that he had a problem—premature ejaculation—but at the time I thought that was what sex was all about. I used to think it was my fault. I'd masturbated since I was little, and I thought perhaps I'd done something to myself by masturbating too much that I couldn't reach orgasm any other way. I'd always felt terribly guilty about masturbating and I didn't dare talk to Peter about it. Or anyone else for that matter. That went on for nearly three years.

I had a job locally as secretary to the managing director of a company, and he had to go to a three-day conference in London. I'd always found him attractive, but there'd never been anything between us. We got on well as people and we worked well together, but there was nothing more to it than that. I thought nothing about the conference other than it being a pleasant break and an opportunity to do some shopping. I booked the hotel rooms myself, so I knew there was nothing untoward there. I worked hard for the three days and then, on the last evening, my boss asked me to have dinner with him – as a 'thank you' for all the hard work that I'd done, was how he put it.

I'd been going through a pretty hard time with Peter in the few weeks before the conference. I think we'd got to the stage where we both realised that there was no real reason for going on with our marriage and we were both bored and fractious with each other. The only sex of any kind that I'd had for months was from playing with myself, and although I had no desire for another man, looking back I can see that I was like a ripe apple, just waiting to be picked.

To be fair to my boss, he didn't put a foot wrong. He made no advance of any sort. It was just that he was good company and amusing and attentive, and I suppose I had a little more to drink than was good for me. Anyway, we had a magnificent dinner in a really lovely restaurant and I was feeling on top of the world. As we got towards the end of dinner I realised that my boss was an extremely attractive man. He was single – he'd been married and divorced – and I thought to myself, I'm an attractive girl and here we are in London, miles away from home and from anyone who knows us and I'm feeling as randy as hell. So I simply set out to seduce him. It wasn't difficult. I just started holding his hand across the table and squeezing it a little and smiling into his eyes, that sort of thing. So when he said, "Shall we go back to the hotel or would you like to go somewhere and dance?" I knew I was home and dry.

We didn't dance for long,

'He always made sure I enjoyed it as much as he did, but he was the one who set the pace.'

actually. About an hour, I suppose. I held him close to me and ground my crotch against him and kissed his ear while we were dancing. I felt him getting hard against me and I pressed against it even harder and he held me away from him for a moment and looked straight into my eyes and said, "Are you sure that's what you really want?" And I smiled and said, "Yes," and that was it.

At the hotel we went to our separate rooms as we had arranged. He was going to come to mine about fifteen minutes later. As I waited, I thought about keeping my dress on or wearing my nightie, and then I thought, "What the hell? We both know why he's coming to my room." So I undressed completely and covered myself with scent and just lay there on the bed waiting.

When I heard this tap on the door I said, "Come in" very softly, and the door opened and closed and there he was. I think he was a bit taken aback when he saw me lying there naked on the bed, but only temporarily. He didn't seem to know whether to take his clothes off or not, so I said, "Why don't you undress, too, and then we'll both be ready for any emergency." So he did. He had a good body and his penis was sticking up all hard and stiff and I thought: "That's what I need." He came over to the bed, and that's when I learned what making love is really all about. He was a marvellous lover. He made me come three times before he even entered me. I'd never experienced a man's tongue before. It was the nicest surprise I think I've ever had. Then, when he finally entered me, I came again, I think at least another three times, before he did.

I don't know quite what it was. Perhaps the drink helped, perhaps it was the oral sex, perhaps it was just his experience. Whatever it was, I felt fantastic. "God," I thought, "to think I've been missing this all these years!" We made love for most of the night, and in the morning he suggested I rang my husband and said I'd had to stay down in London for another day, so I did. We hardly moved out of bed all that day and the following night. I've never felt quite so good before or since. It was like some sort of release after being a prisoner for all those years. I realised that there was nothing wrong with me sexually at all. Far from it. I learned and did things in that thirty-six hours that I've been doing and enjoying ever since.

When I got home my husband could see just by looking at me what I'd been doing, and when he accused me I admitted it freely. I just didn't want to go back to my dull, boring, sexless marriage after what I'd discovered. He left me the same day and went back to his parents and I never saw him again. When my divorce came through I married my boss, and we've lived happily ever after, as they say in the fairy stories. I'm only glad it happened when it did. To think if I hadn't had a few too many drinks and felt a bit randy and felt safe—being away from home—in making advances to a man I only knew then as my employer, I might still think sex was the awful, one-sided thing it had always been before.

Fourth Interview.

Sharon, nineteen, single. Living in Wolverhampton and working as a receptionist to a dentist.

Sharon: I don't know about changing one's relationships changing one's attitudes to sex. I think it's one's attitude to sex that change one's relationships. I mean, take the man I've just left. He's extremely attractive, quite reasonably rich by most people's standards—and certainly by mine—but he's no good in bed. I've spent three months trying to get him together sexually. I still don't know what his problem is, not really. I mean basically it's quite simple—he's impotent. But why? He's just thirty. He doesn't drink much and he only smokes very rarely. He seems healthy—I don't think there's anything wrong with him physically. And look at me. I think you'll agree that I'm an attractive girl. I'm average height, I've got good boobs, I'm slim. My bottom's good and my face is pretty. I like sex and I'm no beginner at the finer art of sexual expression, so what the hell is it all about? I'd simply got to the stage where I was beginning to think there was something wrong with me, and I know there isn't.

Over the three months there wasn't anything I didn't or wouldn't do to try and help him. I mean, I did actually *like* him. It wasn't a case of getting rid of him because of one failure. I did the sexy underwear bit—you know: black knickers and stockings in see-through nylon. I worked hard on him in every way I know. I even gave him plenty of wrist. I know there are some men who like a good wank better than a good fuck, but still nothing. I asked him if there was anything that he wanted me to do that I hadn't done, but he just used to get uptight and tell me to shut up. Just occasionally he'd get sort of half-hard. Just hard enough for me to sit on top of him and, with a little careful manipulation, get him inside me. But the moment I got it in, even any half-hardness that he had would go instantly. Obviously he had some sort of terrible hang-up, but I couldn't figure out what it was. Maybe he was queer, but I wouldn't have thought so. Who knows? But you can't go on trying to solve other people's

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I've got this new guy now and I'm loving every minute of it. He gets a hard-on just looking at me. I don't have to work at getting him in the mood—he's always in the mood—and I find it tremendously exciting after the last three months. He's always got a hand up my skirt or down my blouse or around my bottom. It doesn't matter where we are—he's always touching me up. If we go to the cinema he sits there watching the film and playing with my pussy through my knickers. Sometimes I come just with him doing that. It's a bit embarrassing sometimes, because I'm a bit noisy when I come, and it's very difficult just to sit there while I'm having this fantastic orgasm. The result is, of course, that by the time we get back to his place after the cinema, I'm dying and ready to be fucked, so it's by no means a waste of anyone's time. After all that time of terrible frustration, the sight of a great hard cock is like manna from Heaven. So you see, in my experience, sex is the basis of my relationships. If the sexual aspect isn't right, then I change the relationship. I'm just not capable of carrying on a relationship with a man that isn't sexually based. And you can't say I haven't tried. Three months without sex at my age is a long time, you know!

Fifth Interview.

Jennifer, aged twenty-three, single, working as a secretary and living in London.

Jennifer: It's funny you should ask me that, because I'm in the middle of a new affair after breaking up with a man I lived with for nearly three years. And yes, certainly there are differences in their sexual abilities. But they're differences in style, rather than differences in quality, if you know what I mean. That's because I simply wouldn't get tied up with a man who wasn't any good as a lover. It's always been a very important part of my life. The main difference is that my old boyfriend was only twenty-eight and my new one is thirty-five. I enjoyed Eddie and I enjoy Frank, but in quite different ways.

I broke up with Eddie simply because the whole thing went a bit stale. Nearly three years is a long time. The sex part was still good but we didn't seem to have anything else in common. At the beginning we seemed to like everything each other said and thought and felt. You know how it is at the beginning of a new love affair. We were always together every possible moment. We did everything together, went everywhere together, had the same friends. However, just before the end of it, we hardly did anything together except make love. That was just as good as it always was, but I think I need more than just a sexual relationship: I need love and affection and mutual interests and conversation and, oh, all the things girls need to make them feel loved and appreciated. When there's only sex, it doesn't matter how good it is, it's not enough on its own. Not for me anyway.

Eddie was a very strong lover; he sort of dominated me sexually. I loved his lovemaking, but it was he who dictated what we did and how we did it. He wasn't selfish. He always made sure that I enjoyed it as much as he did, but he was the one who set the pace. He wanted me to enjoy it, too—and I did—but primarily he had a very masculine approach. He'd literally take me. It was a bit like being raped. I used to enjoy it when I knew he loved me, too. Towards the end, I didn't enjoy it as much.

'He used to know every fibre of my body, knew how to turn me on, really get me going, and then really satisfy me.'

Frank is very different. He's much gentler, much more aware of me as a human being. I'm not a sex object with Frank. The very first time we went to bed we'd been out to a restaurant. It was all very romantic, you know, candlelight and music playing in the background and lots of pretty girls and attractive men, and, of course, the food was good. He'd obviously given some thought to where we should eat in terms of the right ambience that would be conducive to what he was after—which was to get my knickers off. He was honest about it—he didn't pretend that he was taking me out just for the conversation. But he also clearly liked me and was attracted to me—it wasn't *only* my body.

When we'd finished eating, we went dancing. I think it takes an older man to really appreciate that dancing makes girls feel sexy. Seven years isn't all that much difference in actual age, but it's a whole world of difference in attitudes, and attitudes matter with me. I'd found him attractive, too, from the first time we met, but at the beginning of the evening there was no real possibility of my going to bed with him that night, not as far as I was concerned. But the meal in the restaurant was the first time I'd really sat down and talked to him, and I found him both a good talker and a good listener. He made me feel as if what I was saying was interesting. He has a great deal of charm and he knows how to use it. That sounds calculating and I suppose it is, but it doesn't come across like that. Then I got really turned on by the dancing. I love dancing. I've got a good body and I suppose the exhibitionist in me likes to show it off. He dances well, too, he has a good sense of rhythm and he very quickly adapted to my style of dancing, which is always flattering. We drank quite a bit, too. Not too much, or anything like that, but enough to help the mood along. Then, when we left the discotheque, he simply drove the car back to his place—he didn't ask, and somehow it didn't seem presumptuous.

We went into the bedroom and both of us undressed. Even at that stage I wasn't completely sure what was going to happen. It might sound silly to you—because you'll say if I wasn't going to make love to him, what was I doing in his bedroom getting undressed?—but all I can say is, I kept my knickers on! He laughed when he saw me getting into bed with them on, and asked what they were for, and I said something about needing the protection.

His cock wasn't standing up or anything, but I could see that it was sort of hanging down hard—if you know what I mean. It was a good size—not enormous, but certainly not small in any way. I lay on my back and he started to kiss me. He kisses beautifully, gently but firmly, and in the way I like being kissed. It's sort of hard to describe, but it's sexy without being crude. Then he started to kiss my nipples and I knew then that I was going to make love to him.

My breasts are my downfall. I've only got to have someone kissing and sucking my nipples and that's it. Up to now he'd kept his hands above my waist, but when he started kissing my breasts I started squirming my pussy against him and he started to rub it through my knickers. That really got me going and I lifted myself up against his hand and then it all happened very quickly.

He slid his hand down inside my knickers and there was that lovely moment of truth when his hand felt my pussy, all wet and loving and wanting him, and then he pulled my knickers off and I lifted my bottom off the bed to help him and I was saying, "Please! Please fuck me now!" and biting his ears and his shoulders, and then he was on top of me and inside me and it felt marvellous and I remember saying: "Your cock fits me perfectly." That might sound peculiar, but what I meant was it filled me beautifully and I could feel the end of it sort of massaging the neck of my womb, but it didn't hurt in any way. I've had some men with cocks so big that they've hurt me and made me bleed—and that's no fun at all.

He went on for ages and I had three or four little sort of half orgasms, and then he started moving more quickly and I came and it was like an explosion. It was good, really good. I said to him something like, "I knew it was going to be good, but I didn't think it would be *that* good!" and he just smiled at me.

We did it once again that night. He started off by masturbating me. He knew just how to do it and I loved it. Then we made love again. In the morning I sucked him. His cock felt good in my mouth, and I remember thinking, as I was sucking him, "This feels much better than Eddie's." Like I said, it's all a question of attitudes. MD

The Ann Summers Sexual Alphabet

by Ann Summers

An A–Z of what the language of love and sex means to our lovely sexpot.

With a whole New Year stretching ahead of us at the end of this month, it seems like a good time to take a light-hearted look at what sex is all about. So my Christmas present to you is my Sexual Alphabet for 1975. I haven't invented any new words, but it may be that I'll remind you of one or two that you had forgotten, or perhaps prompt a new use for an old word – or action! I hope you have fun working your way through it. Twenty-six letters give you a new one every two weeks for the whole year. To start at the beginning:

A of course, is for Ann. It's also for aphrodisiac, that thing that scientists know doesn't exist and lovers know does. For me, it's the smell of clean sheets. A is also for adult, which is what I try to be sexually, and for adolescent, which I'm glad I'm not any more. A is for areola, the pretty surround to each nipple, and for anal eroticism, which either you like or you don't. A is also for asexual which, happily, is a word I seldom use.

B is for boobs, breasts, bottoms and bare, the first three hopefully being the fourth as often as possible. It's also for bra, the burning of which, symbolically, I am against, and for blonde and beautiful, which, if that's what you like, I hope you find plenty of in the New Year. B is also for birth control, which, with the pill, must be aesthetically more acceptable and less offensive than it ever was, and for bore, which remembering to take it is.

C is for that heart of all female sexual pleasure, the clitoris, and for clever, which you need to be to pleasure one properly. C is also for cunnilingus, which is one of the nicest ways of doing just that. C is also for coitus and copulation, two unattractive words for a lovely pastime, and for circumcision, a subject which from time to time graces the correspondence columns of *Men Only*, which brings me to C for corona, the sensitive rim of the glans penis, with which all sexually competent girls should be familiar.

D is for Daddy, without whose help I wouldn't be here, and for David, the man in my life. It's also for dancing, which I've always thought to be a very sexual occupation, and for detumescent, which, if you're a man, is a lovely thing to be, provided you get there in whatever is the right way for you. D is for dildo, if that's what you like, and for desperate, which is what I'd have to be to use one.

E is for erotic and exciting and erection, which is an excellent train of thought, and for ejaculation, which comes to us all in the end. It's also for extramarital. If you must, try not to get caught.

F is for . . . well, friendly, and fresh – in the hygienic sense – which is how I like my men to be, and for foreplay, which I enjoy, and fellatio, which I recommend in 1975 to all those girls who wouldn't do it in 1974. It's also for fumble, which I wish men wouldn't. If you don't know where it is, ask. F is for frigid, which I wouldn't wish on anyone, and for flaccid, which I hope yours never is. And of course it's for fuck, which I hope you do frequently throughout the year.

G is for genitals, which are great, and for games and gymnastics – sexual of course – of which I thoroughly approve. G is also for gynaecologist, which every girl should have, and gams, which is what thirties American film stars used to call their legs. Don't ask me why.

H is for homosexual and heterosexual, and for happy, which I hope you are whatever your sexual inclination. H is for hymen, which is dull, and hot, which I can be, and him, which is who I'm hot for. It's also for hate, which I do sometimes. Him I mean.

I is for lovely things, like intercourse and intimacy and horrid things, like impotence and incest. It's also for ideal, of which I'd like to be someone's, and idle, which I am occasionally. I is also for inside, which is where I like it to be, and inconsiderate, which we all are from time to time.

J is for jump, which we all hope you will – us I mean, and for jelly, which lubricates us for you. It's also for jazz, which I love, and jockstraps, which I vote the ugliest article of male underwear ever invented. J is also for Justine, who was a very ill-used lady, and juice which, according to her biographer, she produced copiously.

K is for – what else? – knickers, and also for kinky, which they can be. It can also stand for knots – marital – which you can find yourself well and truly tied with if you're not careful, and Kingston, which is where, its inmates tell me, all the wife-swapping goes on.

L is for love and labia – minora and majora – which are an important part of it, and lesbians, who probably know that better than I do, and libido. May we all have strong ones. It's also for longing, which we all do occasionally, and Longford, whom someone should have done a long time ago.

M is for marital aids, which I introduced into this country what now seems all those years ago, and for *mons veneris*, which I didn't exactly introduce, but which I've helped perpetrate. It's for men, without which my life would be incomplete, and menopause, which I'm sure I can do without. It's also for masochist, which I'm not, but if you are, I hope no-one's kind to you, and for May, which is when my birthday is. M is for maybe, which is what keeps all the boys interested in all the girls. May all your maybe's become certainties. M is also for Mummy, without whom Daddy couldn't have done it.

N is for nymphomania, which is what some men have been searching for all their lives, and for nice, which they obviously think it is. I hope 1975 will be the year they discover it. It's also for necrophilia, which you need to be dead from the neck up to enjoy, and nasty, which it is. Very. N also stands for naughty, which all the girls should be from time to time, and no, which we all say occasionally, even if we don't really mean it. N is for normal, which I believe the enjoyment of sex is, and now, which is the most urgent word in the English language. Followed by please, I find it seldom fails. N is also for nipple and nuzzle, which go together nicely.

O is for Oedipus, which is ridiculous, and oral, which is lovely, and open, which is what all men think all girls legs should be, and often which, happily, they often are. O is, importantly, for orgasm, which I wish all my women readers regularly throughout the coming year. O is also for obsession, which I hope your orgasms never become, and for obscene, which mostly is something individual people make their own minds up about.

P is for Paul, for whom I work, and plenty, which is what I'm sure he gets. Nicely, P is for penis, phallus, prick, pretty, potent and please. Nastily, P is for perversion, prostitute, prude, premature ejaculation and pathetic. Depending how you feel about the subjects, you can allocate pregnant, promiscuous, prepuce, polygamy, pubes and priapism for yourselves.

Q is for quality, which I believe to be more important than quantity, and for quim, which is very unpretty word for a very pretty part of all girls' anatomies. It's also for queer and queen, which I sincerely hope are two words that everyone will cease to use in the New Year, in favour of the infinitely preferable gay.

R is for real, which is what I like people to be, and rape, which is an okay fantasy but a very non-okay fact. It's also for rhythm, which can be very good indeed, provided you're not using it as a method of contraception which, in my opinion it isn't. It's also for rude, which some people think I am, and rapid, which is what my reply is

when I'm accused of that.

S naturally, is for sex. It also stands for super, which I think sex is, and saucy, which is how a lot of men like theirs, and seduction, which every girl should enjoy, provided its well done. S is for sadism, which I think is the true obscenity, and for semen and sperm and swallow, the last of which some girls refuse to do with the first two. It's all a matter of personal taste. Finally, S is for supple, which, if you can manage to be it, makes sex so much more fun.

T is for Tony, without whom my articles wouldn't appear, and for trying, which I know I can be sometimes. It's also for try, which I do, too. T is for taboo, which not much is these days, thank goodness, and for trick, which is what some girls turn from time to time. T also stands for tumescent, which is what I hope you are when you want to be, and for timing, which can be all important. It's also for tits, tummy, transvestite, troilism and testicles, all of which are a turn-on for someone, somewhere.

U is for underneath, which is where all we girls often end up, and for upright, which makes a change. It's for underwear, which we all put on mostly because we want someone to take it off, and for up, which is where we like it to be. It's also for upping, which sounds lovely for all those swans, and un-natural, which I believe very few things are, provided that you both enjoy them.

V is for Victoria, whose reign did so much harm to a whole nation's sexual development, and vice, which seems to have been with us for a long time. V is also for vasectomy, which seems to be becoming popular, and for virile, which is the effect it has, so I'm told, on some of the men who undergo it. V is for vagina, which we all have, and vital, which it is. It's also for virgin, which is what I hope you are if that's what you want to be, and voyeurism, of which there is a little in all of us, and vulva, which is often the object of voyeuristic attention.

W is for Whitehouse, about which the less said the better. It's also for wank, witch, wicked, wet dream and wide, all of which have some sort of sexual connotation.

X is for Xaviera, who seems to have made it from making it.

Y is for young, which we should all be in mind even if our bodies tend to let us down.

Z is for zoophilia, which doesn't appeal to me, and for zany and zing, which do. Happy New Year!

Letters to Ann Summers

Since Ann Summers began her column in Men Only *we have been inundated with letters from readers who have a sexual problem and need some advice. Ann Summers has agreed to answer these letters and would like us to point out that whilst she has no medical training or qualifications in sexology, she has tremendous experience in the field. Subscribers are requested to address their letters to Ann Summers, Paul Raymond Publications, Chronicle House, 72–78 Fleet Street, London E.C.4, and are reminded that only sincere and genuine letters will be considered for publication.*

Dear Ann Summers,

I am finding it hard to try and explain or even write to a girl about my problem. I do understand that you are not medically trained, but you may know someone who is. Well, here goes.

I am forty and have been married nineteen years. I have a lovely wife and two daughters that are all that any man could wish for. My problem is that I only feel like half a man. When making love to my wife, she never seems to feel very much of my semen, which is supposed to spurt out at the heart of the climax. Anyway, after a trial masturbation, I found that my semen was very little and only ran out at the end of my penis. I read in a magazine that the male sperm should shoot at least twelve to eighteen inches, but I am lucky if I can manage a quarter of an inch.

I went to see my doctor last December and he gave me some injections that didn't make any difference. Later he gave me some tablets, but even those didn't work. After some months he told me that he couldn't help me any more. So I sent to London for some vitamin E tablets and some cream, but those didn't work either.

Can you advise me of any good treatment and tablets that I can get and the price, please? I have not discussed my problem with my wife. I am afraid that it would make me feel like only a quarter of a man. Please excuse my writing. This letter to you is making me nervous and I don't think I could write it out again.

I'm sorry about your problem. I think it's one that I can help you to solve. You see, the real problem is that it doesn't really exist. I've never, in my whole experience, heard of any man whose semen travelled eighteen inches when he ejaculated. Nor have I ever read of such a phenomenon. I have an extensive reference library on sexual subjects and a very careful examination gives no indication of any standard—or desired—distance. Two things, basically, affect the amount of ejaculate, which, presumably, will also affect the distance. One is your general condition, i.e., your health. The other is the frequency with which you ejaculate. Women can feel the contractions of a man's penis when he ejaculates, but it is reasonably unusual to feel the actual spurt of semen. I can't imagine what magazine you read that description in, but whatever it was, I think the statement was the figment of someone's imagination. Since you tell me that you haven't discussed this matter with your wife, obviously she hasn't complained. Why don't you stop worrying and forget the whole silly business?

Dear Ann Summers,

For some time now I have wanted to write to you for advice concerning my girlfriend. I am worried because she may be a pervert and I think that you, as a woman, will be able to tell me whether her actions are normal.

I am twenty-two and have been a keen football player and supporter all my life, and have only been mildly interested in girls. I live at home and have known this girl for about eight months. She is eighteen and works in a bank. Her mother died some years ago and her father has re-married and moved up North. She lives with her sister (aged twenty) who is a waitress. She works long hours and on Saturdays works from twelve noon to midnight. This means that we have their flat to ourselves all Saturday afternoon and evening.

On our first few dates we kissed and I fondled her breasts. On a Saturday, about two weeks after we met, we went to a football match and then went back to her flat. After some tea we sat on the couch. We kissed and I removed her blouse and stroked her lovely tits. After a bit she stood up and dropped her skirt and then her panties. She was lovely. I started to stroke her pussy and she said, "Let me undress you." I stood up and she took off my shirt and trousers. She saw the bulge in my pants and said "I've never seen a naked man, only little boys. You will be gentle with me, won't you?" She gave a gasp as she lowered my pants and my prick came into view. "Oh," she said, "Isn't it huge? May I touch it?" Of course I said *yes*, and she gently caressed me.

By this time I was as hard as iron, so I took her on the couch and lay down beside her. I played with her cunt, which was tight and dry. As I inserted a finger between her lips, she said, "Please be careful. I'm so dry down there." I wondered whether to try cunnilingus to make her wet, but I hadn't known her long, so decided not to in case she didn't like it. By this time I was so excited that when she hugged me to her with my cock on her stomach I climaxed and shot my load all up her.

We lay cuddling each other for about twenty minutes while I stroked her pussy, and then I had to have a piss. I got up and went to the toilet in the bathroom. As I stood there pissing I heard a noise—and there she was beside me. She took my cock in her hand and held it for me.

Now this is where I'm puzzled about her behaviour, as I've never come across it in girls before and I don't know whether she is perverted. She moved my cock about so that my piss went from side to side of the pan. She squeezed it to stop me and then let it go again. Of course, this started getting me randy again, and I stopped pissing as I started to get the horn. She said, "Oh, you've stopped. Can't you do any more? I love holding it for you." I said, "You're making me horny, so I can't piss." She told me to sit down. I sat on the loo and she spread her legs and sat on my lap. Our pubic hairs mingled and she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. My cock was now hard and pressed along her warm slit so that my knob was pushing against her bottom cheeks. She was moving her arse about and we were kissing passionately. Then, to my surprise, I felt my cock bathed in her hot piss. I was surprised and, I suppose, shocked, as I sat there with her wet, hot piss gushing all over my hairs and cock and balls and running down into the pan. She was spurting it out in jets and as you can imagine my cock was now rock hard, so I bent my hips so that the knob pressed against her wet lips and before either of us realised it, it was inside her. She wriggled faster and faster and I could feel her sucking me in. A moment later I shot my spunk right up her. She giggled and hung on to me. We sat there for some time, until my cock got small, and slipped out. Then she said "Sit on the edge of the bath and I'll wash you." I did as she said, and she stood in the bath and ran some hot water and she washed my genitals. She then gave me the flannel and I washed her.

After this, I discovered that she was intrigued by pissing, and whenever I was there she would always come along with me to the loo and hold my cock. She also said that the only time it didn't hurt her cunt was when I fucked her after she had pissed. This seems rather odd to me and I should like to know whether it applies to other girls. I've never heard of it myself.

Other odd things she does puzzle me, too. She very rarely wears tights and often she wears no pants. For example, one

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evening we were in the pub. We'd had a few drinks and she went into the Ladies. When she came back she had something in her hand. She said "Put that in your pocket for me," and handed me her panties all screwed up. I put them in my pocket and shortly afterwards we left. We went to the bus stop. It was a dark summer night and nobody was about, so as we waited at the bus stop we started kissing and I slipped my hand up her mini-skirt and fondled her pussy. A car came down the road so I took my hand away. When the car had passed I heard a splashing sound and when I looked down she had parted her legs and was standing there pissing. She hadn't even lifted her skirt. She laughed at my surprise and merely said, "I couldn't wait until I got home." I took her pants out of my pocket and when she had finished I reached up her skirt and wiped her cunt and thighs. The bus came shortly after that and we went home.

Another time I was at her flat and she asked me to shave her pubic hairs off. I said it would be a pity and asked why, and she said, "I love to see your beautiful cock stand out in front and all I have is a silly bunch of hairs hiding my cunt." Another time we had just got in from a walk and I rushed to the loo for a piss and she said, "Let me undress you first." She quickly stripped me and then she said, "Stand on the bath and show me how far it will go." I did so, right at the end, and she took hold of me and directed my piss right up the bath. When I had finished, she stood with her legs each side of the bath and opened her cunt lips with her fingers and also directed a stream of piss up the bath. I was surprised, as I thought girls pissed straight downwards. She seemed very pleased with herself, and when she had finished she said, "Now you can fuck me." She knelt by the bath and leaned with her arms on the edge and I knelt behind her, placed my knob against her wet quim and slowly and easily slid into her. She was certainly right when she said that she could only fuck when she had just pissed. I rammed in and out for some time and then she said, "I'm coming now," and I felt her cunt gripping and relaxing. On other occasions, when I have tried to get in when she hasn't pissed, she seems to close up. We've tried Vaseline but she still says it hurts.

Do you think she is a pervert? I agree that she makes me randy with the things she does, but I should like you to tell me whether she will change or whether I should stop seeing her. Do other girls have this obsession about pissing?

It's a little unusual, and this sort of sexual preoccupation with urination is commoner amongst men than women. But, no, she's not perverted, any more than you are by getting 'horny' at her activities. Or other people are by black stockings and suspender belts, or rubber gear, or whatever it happens to be. As long as you don't harm each other, and as long as you both enjoy what you are doing, then it's all right in my book. But if you're in any doubt about it, don't be persuaded against your better feelings, find yourself another girlfriend. This one seems to know what she's doing. Be sure you *do.*

Dear Ann Summers,

Mindful of my own constant problems and miseries (because I was very highly sexed and started proper sex at thirteen) before I met my also highly sexed future husband, with his approval, I have tried to help, rather than discourage, my own three children (one boy, two girls) by giving them a very thorough instruction on both contraception and V.D. They can talk frankly, and often do. They did a lot of experimentation among themselves for about a year, but are now more interested in partners outside the family. The boy is now seventeen, the girls are fifteen and fourteen, and though no more active sexually than many of their school contemporaries, are at least without hang-ups over it, seem to do better in examinations and sport at school, and have had far fewer puberty depressions and violent turns than any of their friends who experiment, too.

But what is the legal situation? (a) Very occasionally now, if he has fallen out with a girl friend, my oldest daughter will go up to her brother's room and cheer him up by getting into bed with him. (b) He was having an affair with my daughter's fifteen-year-old friend. She too is no novice, having had several boys since she was fourteen. (c) The younger daughter was infatuated for a few weeks by an eighteen-year-old girl prefect and used to go home with her, but she is no longer interested, as she goes with a group of boys and girls who have sex sessions after school. (d) Neither of my daughters wears a bra ever, and with long frocks they don't wear anything beneath in the summer. (They don't wear see-through gear, however, or ultra low necklines, except halter tops occasionally). How does the law stand with regard to incest, homosexuality, age of partner and modern dress? We fear that in allowing freedom we may be endangering our *own* freedom in terms of the police.

On the first three points the law is quite precise. Incest is punishable by from one to seven years imprisonment. Perhaps worse, in the long term, than the actual offence, is the guilt that tends to arise in later years. To be realistic, brothers and sisters do tend to play sexually with each other, but provided that such activities are restricted to sexual play—as opposed to actual intercourse—it should have no greater or lesser significance than similar play with other, unrelated, children. The maximum sentences, I believe, are intended for father/daughter or mother/son offences.

Homosexuality between males is not against the law, provided *that they take place in private between consenting adults, neither of whom is in the armed services or merchant navy or under the age of twenty-one. Without consent or where a partner is under twenty-one, offences can be punished by ten years imprisonment or, if with a boy under sixteen, by life imprisonment. Homosexuality between females is not illegal. With regard to sexual intercourse and the age of partners: sexual intercourse with a girl under the age of thirteen is punishable by life imprisonment; with a girl between the ages of thirteen and sixteen by two years imprisonment. Dress is much more difficult to be precise about, but any indecent appearance can almost certainly be dealt with under the various laws dealing with outraging public decency, committing a public nuisance or indecent exposure, although the latter is usually reserved for more blatant sexual exposure than the kind you have in mind.*

What concerns me is that while you are quite right to worry about the legal aspects of your children's behaviour, you seem to have no thought for the, to my mind, much more serious implications. It's one thing to educate your children in matters sexual. It's quite another, at their ages, to permit them to cohabit, indiscriminately, with partners of either sex. With the possible exception of your son, I believe—from what you tell me and from a little reading between the lines—that your children could be taken away from you on the grounds of being in need of care and attention. I am never one to advocate taking children away from their home, but to my mind, your actions in endeavouring to ensure your children's future sexual happiness is almost certainly having the totally opposite effect.

I think that you and your future husband should sit down and consider the long term results of your current approach to your children's sexual welfare and seriously reconsider, in the light of my advice, your whole approach to this question. Whilst your future husband has no legal responsibility; as yet, for the children's welfare, I believe that his moral responsibility is as great as yours. MS

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PEABODY SLEPT HERE

by John Sladek

Peabody's secret was that he had learnt to control time and could be anyone anywhere. Thus he travelled through the ages, donned the cloak of many men and became the greatest lover in history.

New York, 1973

It was going to be a bad morning at Peabody's office. To begin with, Stan Peabody had a double-barrelled hangover. It made him feel sick in the elevator, it made him creep, rather than walk, down the hall to the door marked S. Peabody, Geneaologist, and it made him drop his keys. He bent slowly and carefully to get them, but he knew he'd never be able to straighten up again.

Then, when he unlocked the door and crawled in, he was face-to-face with the letters. Betty, his bouncing secretary, wasn't there to deal with them, so he faced them alone.

The gas and telephone companies, he read, intended to cut off service. One of his clients was thinking of suing him, and another was turning the matter over to a lawyer. The last letter was from Mr Korzybcwcz, his favourite client, a man who had so far paid him over a thousand dollars to trace his family tree. A client he could count on. Mr Korzybcwcz wrote he was reporting Peabody to the police as a fraud.

Betty bounced in a few minutes later to find him seated at her desk, typing with one finger.

"What're you writing, Mr Peabody?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a suicide note."

"Now, now. Nothing's that bad. It's only a hangover."

"It's the end," he said. "I must have had a good time last night, because I'm paying enough for it now."

"Speaking of pay, my salary's overdue, isn't it?"

"Four months," he said, looking at the ceiling. "I wonder if that chandelier will take my weight?"

"Take it easy, I was just mentioning it. By the way, you did have a good time last night."

"Eh?" He stared at her. "Was that *your* bathtub I woke up in this morning? With Chinese food all over me? And that girl? Who was the girl?"

"My roommate, Sally. You said you were going to give her a bath in champagne. Only you couldn't afford it, you said, so you substituted *chow mein*."

"I did? Oh, God!"

"Yes, and Edna, my other roommate, said to tell you it's all right."

"All right?"

"About running down the batteries in her vibrator. She said . . ."

"Oh, God! Don't tell me any more! God!"

Betty looked at the letters. "Oh! Maybe that chandelier will take both our weights. But who is this Korzy-whatsit?"

"He asked me to find out whether or not he had an ancestor who came over on the *Mayflower*. I've been stringing him along, telling him I'm on the track of the ancestor: Ladislaw Korzybcwcz. The Pilgrim Pole."

"And he believed it?"

Peabody sighed. "More or less. But now he's been to another geneaologist, who probably told him the truth. No Pilgrim Pole." He ran a finger down his collar and came up with a crisp noodle.

"And this letter? Isn't Miss Goodwin the one who wanted to be descended from Shakespeare?"

"Yup. At least there was some hope—I mean, her ancestors were English. But the man of the time was Ben Godwin, a broken-down perfume seller. Not Shakespeare."

"Hmm. I see this Mrs Ackley wants to sue you, too. Which celebrity did you promise her?"

Peabody dropped the noodle in a metal wastebasket, and winced at the sound. "Well. She's a Bunford, of the Pennsylvania Bunfords. Another geneaologist traced her back to the 1700s, to the illegitimate child of someone called Eliza Bunford. Father not named. I hinted that it might be—well—George Washington."

"Oh, no! That'll look great at your trial."

"DELIVERY!" shouted a voice behind them. Peabody's brain shattered.

When he could see again, he saw two men in gaudy uniforms and a large metal box. The men wore shiny silver suits and red helmets with little wings sticking out of them. The box looked like a steel phone booth.

"Delivery of what?" said Betty. "A giant office safe?"

Peabody smiled, cracking his lip. "Maybe it's full of giant money. You've got the wrong office, boys. We didn't order a safe."

The two men shrugged, looked at one another and then at a clipboard. One said, "This is office 247, Seewold Building, bud?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Then sign here and it's all yours."

Peabody signed. "What the hell, put it in the corner. So you can find it when you have to take it away again."

"None of my business, bud."

As the men left, Peabody noticed again their peculiar uniforms. "Hey!" he called. "What company do you work for?"

"ATM," they shouted back, as the door closed.

"I wonder what that stands for," said Betty. "Maybe it'll say on the safe door." As she went to look, the phone rang.

"Mr Peabody," said a hard, police voice. "Mr Stanley Peabody? This is Lieutenant Conklin of the Fraud Division. I'd like to come over to your office for a little talk."

Peabody coughed. "Who? Peabody? Not here. This is the janitor."

"Ha ha, I'll be around this afternoon, Peabody. Meanwhile, don't try leaving town."

He hung up. Betty had the cabinet door open and was looking inside. "No name," she said. "And it can't be much of a safe. The door is thin aluminium. And the dial! Whoever heard of a safe with the dial inside? No, wait, here's an instruction book. *Care and Use of the Atkinson Time Machine*. Time machine?"

"Time lock," Peabody explained. He opened the instruction book and began to read aloud:

"The improved Atkinson Time Machine requires no complicated co-ordinate settings. Simply set one dial to the target year, key in the name of your destination (the nearest large city will do) and let ATM do the rest. Historians will appreciate . . ."

He tried another page. "Language barriers vanish, with the new Atkinson patented 'Lingo-Lock'. Lingo-Lock re-programs the speech centers of your brain for effortless communication in any dialect. You'll speak and hear in your own language—and yet you'll understand the native, be he Etruscan or Cherokee."

Peabody and Betty sat down and stared at their time machine. After some minutes, Peabody said, "I'll be damned!"

"A time machine. It's just not possible."

"Nope." He thought some more. "But it's here. And it's the one thing that can keep me out of jail."

Betty looked at him. "How?"

"I'll go back in time, fix up some phoney evidence to show that my clients really are who I've said they are. If this thing really works, I can put the Pilgrim Pole on board the *Mayflower* myself!"

At Sea, 1620

In a way, Peabody's plan was working. Using the name Kor-

Illustration by Peter Moulson

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zybcwcz, he had bribed his way on board the *Mayflower* at Plymouth. The Pilgrim Pole was officially aboard.

The only snag was, in the bustle of departure, his name had not been added to the passenger list. And every day since, the captain had been busy fighting the weather.

Now, a week out of port, Peabody made up his mind to get the list and put down his name himself. It was a stormy night, with most of the crew on deck and most of the passengers in their quarters, when Peabody tiptoed down the companionway to the captain's cabin—or what he thought was the captain's cabin. As he opened the door, the ship gave a lurch and his lantern crashed against the wall. A woman screamed.

"Oops! Sorry, wrong cabin. I was looking for the captain."

"My father's on deck, taking in sail," said the voice, suddenly under control. "You're Mr Kor–Kor–something, aren't you?"

"Yes. And you must be the captain's daughter. Hester, is it?" He lifted the lantern. Hester it was: the buxom girl of eighteen he'd seen on deck during the day. Black hair, black eyes, and pale skin the color of cream. She was smiling.

"Don't just stand there, Mr Whatsit. Close the door and come to bed."

Standing on one foot and taking off a shoe in near-darkness is never easy. When the shoe has a rusty iron buckle, and the floor keeps bucking and tilting under you, it's an act of heroism. The thought of Hester's creamy skin—the parts not yet seen under her starched white nightgown—made him heroic. But when he climbed into bed she shrieked again.

"You're naked!"

"Well, yes. Join me?"

"Sir, it's sinful to bare our bodies. We aren't *heathens*."

"Yes, but how—?"

She showed him the large buttonhole strategically placed on her nightgown.

"Aw, come on, Hester, don't be a puritan."

"I am a Puritan!"

"I mean, we're sinning anyhow. One little extra sin won't make that much difference."

Finally she agreed. Even in the dim light, her body was pale and perfect, limbs opening to him like the petals of a white flower. Above them the storm raged on, but here the rise and fall of the ship carried them on to their merry destination.

In the morning the captain married them at the point of a blunderbuss. As soon as Peabody had repeated his vows, and seen them recorded in the ship's log, he was clapped in irons.

"I ought to hang you now," said the captain. "But the storm has wearied both crew and passengers. Half of them are too sick to come up on deck and watch, and I know they'd hate to miss a hanging. We'll just lock you up for a day or two, until we're ready."

Peabody was dragged away before he could say a word, and locked in the most secure place on ship. That happened to be the "great iron box" he'd insisted on bringing aboard.

New York, 1973

"Dial the phone for me, will you, Betty? I can't manage anything in these fetters. And get me a locksmith later on, will you?"

Betty dialled and handed him the receiver. "Hello, Mr Korzybcwcz. This is Stan Peabody. No, don't hang up, I think I've got some good news for you. I think you'll want to drop all charges, when you hear it. Hold on a minute."

Peabody covered the mouthpiece. "Betty, make another note. I want you to get this coat and stuff back to the theatrical agency. And see what they have in powdered wigs, size seven-and-a-half."

Pennsylvania, 1756

Peabody's hand itched under the bandage, and his head itched under the periwig. Was it polite to scratch? The military gentleman sharing the inn's fireside with him never scratched. In fact, the military gentleman hardly breathed. Only now and then, his hand mechanically raised the tankard of hot punch to his lips.

Nearby, the innkeeper was bustling about, arranging the writing materials Peabody had ordered. Finally he brought the tray over and set it on the table at his elbow.

"Anything else, sir? Another drink?"

"Yes, thanks. And one for the military gentleman, if he likes."

This person turned stiffly and nodded his thanks. "Adjutant George Washington at your service."

In turn, Peabody introduced himself by his new alias. "I'm having some trouble writing this letter, adjutant. As you see, I've hurt my hand."

Washington didn't seem to hear. His face stayed frozen into the same dignified expression, as though posing for his dollar-bill portrait. After several minutes, he hiccupped and said, "Damned fine punch, eh?"

"Delicious, Adjutant. I was wondering . . ."

Washington fell face-down on the hearthrug. For five or ten minutss he lay without moving. Then, with slow, mechanical movements, he raised himself up and resumed his chair.

"Damned fine punch. Yes. *Urp*. You were saying?"

"I've hurt my hand. I was wondering if you'd mind helping me write this letter."

"Letter? Certainly. They make it, you see, with brandy.

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rum, ale and I believe raw egg. The punch, I mean. Help me up, will you?"

Peabody guided the military gentleman over to his table and put the quill in his hand.

"Now just put down what I'll dictate: 'Dear Eliza Bunford: While I fully admit I am the father of your child, my family connections cannot permit us to marry, not openly. Yet my heart and conscience tell me we must. I therefore propose a secret ceremony . . .'"

Washington dutifully took it all down. "Shall I sign it for you?"

"Yes, in my full name. George Warrington."

"There. I say, that looks almost like my own name."

Peabody smiled. It would look even more like it, when he had made an ink-blot over the double-r.

"Thanks, General – I mean, Adjutant. Now if you'll excuse me, I must go to bed."

"That's all right, you toddle off. Think I'm going to be sick."

Upstairs, Peabody pried up a floorboard and tucked the letter under it. He had just knocked it back in place when the blonde chambermaid came in with a smoking warming-pan. Her low-necked dress showed a landscape with a couple of interesting peaks.

"Never mind that, Eliza," he said, getting an arm around her. "There are better ways of warming a bed."

"Sir! I don't know what you mean." She began undoing her bodice. The landscape developed pink nipples, and more interesting parts. Peabody set out to explore it.

The rest was history.

New York, 1973

Old Mrs Ackley was so excited she leapt up, dropping the pekinese off her lap. Her lawyer stood up, too, but reluctantly.

"Do you mean," she said, "that this little piece of paper makes me a *Washington*?"

"Almost," said Peabody. "At least it proves that Washington proposed marriage to your great-great-grandmother. I found it in an old inn in Pennsylvania."

"Has this document been authenticated?" said the lawyer.

"Yes. The people at the National Archives say that the ink, paper and handwriting are genuine. Moreover, they've shown that Washington could have stayed at the inn where Eliza Burdon, your great-great-grandmother, worked as a chambermaid. And he could have stayed there on the exact night."

The lawyer didn't look happy. "I'm afraid we owe you an apology, then. We'll drop our suit, of course."

"An apology? About ten thousand apologies will square it, I'd say. Make the cheque out to cash, okay?"

London 1596

Peabody felt the full power of the Atkinson patented Lingo-Lock here. He didn't know what it was, exactly, but he knew it worked. Because here, he couldn't just say, "Hey, mac, which way to Shakespeare's house?" Instead, he had to say something like, "Prithee, sirrah, canst tell my way? I seek the quarter where now dwelleth . . ."

Whatever the machine did to his brain, it made it possible for him to think the first, and twist his tongue around all the syllables of the second, automatically. In the same way, the long, warbled replies were shaved down to plain English for him, so that "Marry, sir, an' I must mickle think upon't . . ." became "Let me see . . ."

True, he missed many minutes of rapid-fire puns and word-play, but he did get the directions. And the directions led him to a sleazy-looking house in a stable-yard. A serving-wench answered his knock, by opening an upstairs window and spitting.

"Tell Mr and Mrs Shakespeare – I mean, Will Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway – that I'd like a word with them. I'm Ben Godwin, perfume salesman."

"Mr Shakespeare isn't at home."

"Jane!" called a woman's voice from the interior. "Send him up. I need some company."

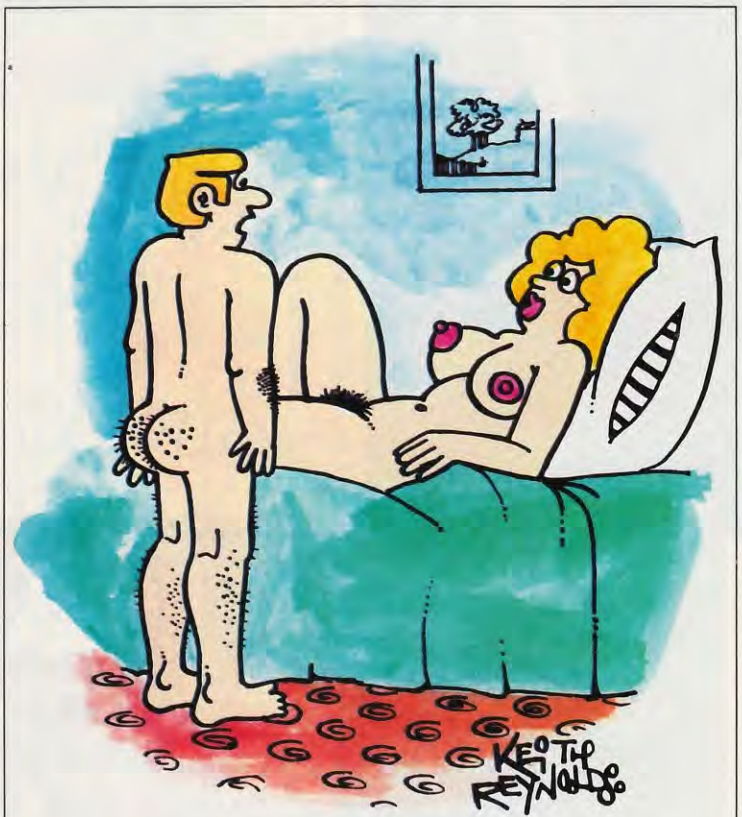
As he came up, Anne stopped her embroidery and gave him her hand to kiss. She was dark, but red-haired, an exciting and excitable woman. He gave her a sample of Chanel No 5. She wrote out an order for more, which he tucked away in an empty perfume bottle.

"Don't rush off," she yawned. "Will's at the theatre, rehearsing some damned thing."

"With a wife like you, I don't see why he needs rehearsals." This, Peabody relised, was a feeble joke. But in translation it took him some ten minutes to say, and evidently impressed the lady so much that she immediately led him to the bed-chamber.

They were still there an hour later, when the Bard found them.

"Gadzooks!" Shakespeare (probably) cried, and drew his sword. "Get ready for a quick trip to Heaven, you son of a bitch."



"I only know two positions, IN and OUT!"

Peabody tried to roll clear, but Anne's thighs held him. "Don't pay any attention to old windbag, there," she said. "He's all talk. We have a saying around here: 'Will may shake his spear, but Anne hath a way'."

"Say your prayers," warned the Bard.

"Put that thing away, Will. And grow up. I hope we can all be civilised about this. After all, this is the sixteenth century."

Shakespeare sheathed his sword. "Okay, okay. But I'm still plenty pissed off. I mean, to betray me like this, right here in my own second-best bed, and with a beardless youth . . ."

"I'm almost thirty," said Peabody.

"Still, you're young." A new look came into the Bard's eye. "Hmm . . . Anne's right. We must be civilised. Move over, you two, and make room for me."

"*Now* he's dangerous," Anne said, releasing Peabody. "When he gets that look, no good-looking man under the age of sixty is safe. If you value your ass, haul it out of here, quick. They don't call him 'The Swan' for nothing."

Shakespeare threw him a sickly smile. "I just wanted to be friends."

"Run for it," said Anne. "With a friend like Will, a man doesn't need any enemas."

Peabody grabbed his clothes, threw open the casement and dropped to the street. The time machine was half a mile away, down by the river. He ran naked all the way, and hardly anyone turned to stare.

New York, 1974

"Havana cigar, Lieutenant?"

"No thanks. I just dropped in to see how you like your new offices. Top floor of the Biltman Building – very nice."

"Yeah, well, I needed more room for my operation. You know, I'm doing a lot of business now. Not just family trees, but historical research."

Lieutenant Conklin looked around. "You've really come up in the world in the past year, haven't you, Peabody? Penthouse suite of offices, fancy suits – and isn't that a Picasso on the wall?"

Peabody nodded. "And a year ago, I couldn't even pay the phone bill. Yup. Well, I've been lucky."

"*Lucky*? Peabody, you're the luckiest guy alive. Down at the Fraud Division, we've been watching your career very closely. *Very* closely. Every time you go wandering in some out-of-the way place, and just happen to dig up a historical document, we check it out."

Peabody blew a thick smoke ring that drifted towards the metal cabinet in the corner. "Any problems?"

"No. Everything you find checks out. But it just has to be fraud. You visit an old inn in Pennsylvania and come up with a letter from George Washington – that helps one of your clients. At the Vatican, you just happen to turn over a paving stone and find a note from some old pope – proving he's the ancestor of a certain Mafia client of yours. And so on and on. It doesn't add up, does it?"

"I guess it's a talent, Lieutenant. Like water-divining. I've got it."

Conklin stood up. "I'll tell you what you've got. You've got a team of expert forgers working on this stuff somewhere. They know how to fool all our tests: ageing the paper by some secret process or some-

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thing. I know god-damned well you're faking this stuff, Peabody. And so do you."

"Prove it."

"I can't, and you know it. In fact, we're closing the file on you. So do me a favour, will you? Just give me one little hint – just to satisfy my curiosity – how in hell do you do it?"

Peabody smiled. "Well, you see, I've got this time machine . . ."

The policeman slammed the door on his way out.

Betty came in a minute later. "The Rolls Royce man says your car's ready. And Senator Holm wants an appointment at three, okay?"

"Okay, kid. Now why don't you take the rest of the day off? Buy yourself another mink or something."

He gloated alone, in the midst of all the luxury he'd ever dreamed of. The money was rolling in, not just from his work, but from little extra trips to the past. A few shares of IBM stock, bought during a jaunt to 1932, were now worth a couple of million.

And this was only a side-line. His real interest lay in a small black notebook which he kept in the time machine. In it were the names of two hundred famous, powerful and beautiful women in history. Fifty-seven of the names now had stars after them, and he was working on the rest. Marie Antoinette had been an easy two stars. Joan of Arc was going to be tough.

Well, he thought, strolling over to the machine, at least the cops were off his neck for good. From here on, it was going to be stars and dollar signs as far ahead as he could see.

He opened the shiny aluminium door and came face-to-face with a stranger in a black uniform.

"Hello, Peabody." The stranger had a cop's one-sided smile. He also had the notebook in his hand.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a time patrolman. I have a warrant here for your arrest."

"For what?"

"Illegal use of a time machine, for a start."

Peabody fumbled at a whisky decanter and poured himself a drink. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about."

"No? I guess you don't know anything about the entries in this notebook, either." The time cop turned a few leaves and read aloud:

"'1762. The Empress Catherine is, as they say, great! Just great!'

"'1810. Tonight, Josephine! Tonight!'

"'53 BC. Caesar's wife not above suspicion after all!' And all these are three-star items. Whereas you've only rated Nell Gwynne . . ."

Peabody swung the decanter, catching him across the ear. The cop sank down to sit on the floor, still smiling ironically. Peabody jumped past him into the machine, slammed the door and spun the dial all the way over.

"Just let 'em try finding me," he muttered, "this far back."

20,000 B.C.

He came out of the box on a grassy plain beside some low hills. Nothing looked peculiar except the hairy elephant grazing nearby. When it caught sight of the time machine, it flung back its ears and trotted away.

Not much of a place to stay, Peabody thought. But he could lie low here for a while and then zip back to some more interesting place. Say, with Cleopatra by the Nile. Why not?

"Why not?" He shouted it into the wind as he climbed the nearest hill. "I can have any part of history I want. Any of it and all of it. Especially the female part. They ought to put up monuments to me, everywhere: *Peabody Slept Here.*"

Laughing at the idea, he paused by a small shrub to look around. One valley was dotted with grazing black mastodons, like the one he'd scared. Beyond it was a line of grey smoke.

"At least the place is habitable. Okay for a clean weekend." He glanced back down at the trusty, vital Atkinson Time Machine.

A small group of men stood around it, waving spears and clubs. Local tribesmen, probably showing how brave they were. Maybe they thought it was some kind of shiny square god. He figured any minute now they'd all fall down and start worshipping it.

One of the men strode forward, lifed his club and smashed in the door. Suddenly they all joined in, smashing and spearing until the time machine was just a pile of twisted metal.

All history was junk. Peabody's stomach turned. He was going to end up here, like this! The rest of his life with nothing to look at but grass, hairy elephants and local yokels.

Then, in the shrubbery behind him, a woman laughed. He spun around to face her and saw everything at once. She was young, pretty, and interested. And the bush was a juniper.

"Come here, sweetheart. I want to tell you about a delicious drink, called gin. Later on we can try making some of it, out of these berries here. Just because we're living in the Stone Age is no reason not to have a cold martini at sundown.

"But that comes later. Right now, you and I can lie down over here and make sweet . . . history." MJ

Chris

Photographs by Mike Bramman

There's something about Ouzo that wakes you up early the next morning. I woke happy and clear as a bell, shambled out of the hotel and made slit-eyed for the beach in the rising heat of a Greek day.

I arrived a little early, just before the session was coming to a close. I do that sometimes, it helps me get into the mood of both model and photographer. Well, that's part of the reason. My first sight of Chris was a shock of hair falling loosely over two hands which were vigorously massaging baby-oil into magnificent breasts. She looked up as I crunched across the shingle and pushed her breasts out slightly. "Makes the skin all shiny," she told me, running a finger over the perfect curves.

Finally, the lens having done its work, I asked her to put some clothes on and come talk to me. She wouldn't. She pranced about naked in the sun. "I don't like to get into my clothes so quick, ask your questions now."

So I asked her age. "I say twenty-two usually, but for you twenty-four." Not a satisfactory answer, but I wrote it down, trying to keep my eyes from the naked beauty which ravelled and unravelled itself before me.

Vital statistics? "I don't know, man, you'll have to measure them." She laughed. 35.5–24–36, I think, but my hand was shaking a little and she just wouldn't keep still.

What do you like doing, Chris? "Making love." I mean at other times. "Making love again." But don't you have hobbies, interests? "Yes, making love." I decided on revenge. If you don't take this interview seriously, I said, I shall have to tell the readers where you used to live. She reacted in mock horror. "I'll do anything," she said. But she didn't. And she used to live in Neasden.

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Communication

continued from page 8

day be realised.

She was a heavily made woman, but she wore tight-laced corsets which gave her an hour-glass figure of the sort all too rarely seen these days. Her breasts were enormous and seemed extraordinarily firm. I used to think of them as the two halves of a Rugby football. Nothing happened for a while, but then my parents had to go away for a weekend to settle some legal affairs arising from my grandfather's death, and as I was on holiday from school (it was mid-August), Eileen promised my mother that she would look after me, although I was going to sleep in my own bed. My parents were to be away from the Friday morning until the following Tuesday.

After I was left alone on the Friday morning, Eileen came round and asked if I wanted to eat my meals at her house, or if I'd prefer to stay on my own, in which case she'd bring my food to me. I replied, trying hard not to appear rude, that I'd prefer to stay on my own. When she asked me why, I replied that her daughters made fun of me, which was perfectly true. But then, when she enquired in what way, I blushed and could think of nothing to say.

"Mary and Enid tell me that you've become very shy with them lately," said Eileen, "yet you used to play together when you were younger. Why have you changed?" I felt that she was deliberately teasing me, but she seemed quite serious. I found myself becoming strangely excited and my eyes were fixed upon her huge breasts. "It's because they tease me," I mumbled, then, plucking up courage, added, "like you're teasing me now."

"Silly boy," said Eileen softly. "I'll bring your lunch round about one o'clock." And she departed, leaving me all hot and trembling.

I don't know how I lived through the next three hours. All manner of crazy notions ran through my head. In the end, as it was a very hot day, I decided to thrill myself and test Eileen out at the same time, by wearing nothing but a brief pair of swimming trunks – as brief as you could get them in those days – which was pretty modest by today's standards.

At one o'clock there came a knock on the back door, and I felt myself trembling again. Eileen stood there holding a tray with my lunch on it, but I had no eyes for the salad and meringue pie, for Eileen was wearing a loose housecoat, slightly open down the front, and it was plain she was naked underneath. "Isn't it hot?" I muttered inanely. "Yes," whispered Eileen, "and it's going to get even hotter. My word, you *are* a well-made boy. Well, let me in, then."

Like a fool, I'd been standing motionless, gawping at her and blocking the doorway. I stood aside and smelt her perfume as she brushed past me, her breasts swinging and quivering beneath the gauzy fabric of her only garment. I knew then that my fantasies were going to be realised. "Where are Mary and Enid?" I asked in a faint voice. "They're both out for the day. Why, do you want to take them on, too?" asked Eileen tauntingly.

I shook my head helplessly and felt my penis begin to rise and thrust out against my thin cotton trunks. I did not dare make the first move, so I sat down at the table where Eileen had placed the tray. She came and stood close beside my chair, facing me, then quite shamelessly, she opened her housecoat, shrugged her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. She was completely nude and she was enormously, voluptuously, overwhelmingly obese. Without the restraint of her corset, her belly was rotund and just slightly pendulous. Her breasts were colossal and in constant devastating motion, while her bottom was frightening in its quivering, white immensity. Her flesh was perfect, young-looking and unblemished. The areolae of her nipples were vast, brown ovals with a few long black hairs sprouting from them, while the teats themselves were rigid rubber-like snouts. Wantonly, she flaunted herself.

She lifted up her breasts and let them fall again, heavily and shatteringly. I groaned, rose to my feet and pulled off my trunks, then faced her and masturbated, looking fearlessly into her eyes. After a few moments I fell to my knees before her, kissed her soft overflowing belly and nuzzled the great carpet of black hair that sprang from between her huge powerful thighs. "Kiss me," she ordered, and thrust herself into my face. I obeyed and her juices saturated me. "Lick me," was her next command, and I did as I was told, marvelling at my own inborn technique and at the sheer temerity of what I was doing.

Eileen began to shudder and groan. I passed my arms around her and sank my fingers into the stupefying vastness and softness of her buttocks. This was femininity, and it was more beautiful than anything I had imagined. I temporarily forgot my own lust in my overriding desire to please this sublime creature who now seemed to be wholly in my power, sobbing and jerking at the merest flick of my tongue. I could go on and on telling of what I did to Eileen – and of what she later did to me – but you would not be able to

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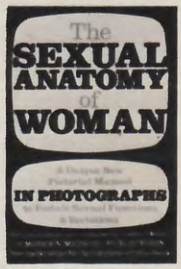

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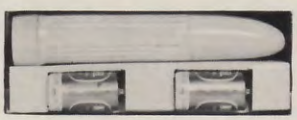

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print one tenth of it, for we explored together all the unspeakable avenues of forbidden sensuality. When we were finished I was indeed a man. I think I had been all along, but it needed an Eileen, as distinct from a Mary or an Enid, to prove it to me.

I know that many folk condemn women like Eileen, calling them "cradle-snatchers" and worse; but in my estimation they fulfil a very important function, acting simultaneously as mother and mistress, doing something which no mother *dare* do, by revealing the delights of sex as only an experienced person can. It is impossible for a boy to learn sex from a teenage girl, unless she be a harlot.

L.V.B.,
Norwich.

Sir: May I add my own experiences as a lover of more mature women to those already revealed in your columns? I too would never willingly go back to young girls after my mother's friend showed me just how exciting sexually a mature woman can be.

I am a bachelor living at home with my widowed mother, who recently went away for two weeks to nurse an ailing aunt. She arranged for a friend of hers, a widow of around fifty, to come in and cook my evening meals for me. One evening, as I was waiting for my meal to appear from the kitchen, I was passing the time looking at a copy of *Men Only*. My mother's friend came out of the kitchen and, seeing what I was reading, looked over my shoulder. "I suppose young girls are prettier," she said, "but for real sex, you can't beat an older woman." This started up a seemingly jocular conversation, in which I said that I would have to take her word for it, when, to my great surprise, she said I wouldn't have to take her word for it, she'd be happy to show me. I must have looked a bit startled, for she said, "Don't be frightened. I guarantee that you'll enjoy it." And, so saying, she took my hand and put it up under her skirt and between her legs. I could feel that the crotch of her knickers was very wet, which I found very exciting. Smiling, she started to move my hand against her cunt, which felt hot and very hairy. I stood up, and she said, "Let's go upstairs and do it in comfort." So up we went to my bedroom.

She started to undress, and took off her jacket and skirt, revealing a bosom of more than ample proportions, swelling over the top of a black silk brassière, and a pair of very brief black silk knickers. She took off the brassière, and her breasts were magnificent. They were large, very full and only slightly pendulous, with absolutely huge nipples, like teats, standing out erect from the enormous surrounds, which were like dark brown roses. I buried my head between them, pulling the huge breasts against my face. It was tremendously exciting. Then I took one of the huge teats in my mouth and started to suck it, and she grabbed at my trousers and unzipped them, taking my now fully erect cock in her hand, and pulling the foreskin up and down, very slowly, and she started making little moaning noises. I put my hand down inside her knickers and I could feel her cunt. It felt much bigger than any cunt I had had in my hand before. I pushed her down on the bed and pulled her knickers and my own clothes off. She was moving her great arse about on the bed and opening and closing her legs with obvious anticipation of what was about to happen. I could now see her cunt, and it had enormous lips, like some sort of big purse, and I could see liquid just beginning to appear out of the centre of it. I thought of all sorts of things that I would like to do, like get my mouth down on that lovely huge cunt, and take the great arse in my hands and fuck her from behind, but the urgency was so great that I simply plunged into her with my cock and took the huge breasts in my hands and squeezed and kneaded them. The extraordinary thing was the way she used her cunt muscles to work themselves around my cock. I've never known a girl who could do that. It was like a cross between fucking and being masturbated. It was only a matter of minutes before I came, but she didn't seem to mind, and I was soon ready for her again.

That evening I did all the things that had crossed my mind at the beginning, and I have done them again and again – with her back at her house – now that my mother has returned home. It's the most sensational sex that I've ever enjoyed. It beats young girls into a cocked hat. This woman really enjoys sex, and has an almost insatiable appetite. She lets me do all the things I've ever dreamed about, but that all the other girls I've ever known have refused to do. I haven't asked her to tell me how old she is, but I am sure that my estimate of around fifty is about right. If this is what all women of that age are like, I can't wait to get my hands on another one.

C.H.,
Battersea.

You Need Hands

Sir: I read of the sexual exploits of *Men Only* readers with interest, and until recently, with considerable envy, for although I manage to "get my end away" fairly frequently, I do not have a regular girlfriend and, consequently, no regular sex. My envy has been for those readers

who appear to stumble upon situations which provide them with sex in unexpected situations. But to the point.

One day I came back from lunch rather earlier than either I or my secretary anticipated, to find her masturbating when I opened the office door. She had pulled her skirt up, and pulled her knickers down below her knees, and was sitting at her desk with her legs apart and her fingers rubbing her clitoris. To my amazement, she was totally unembarrassed, and said that, since I had caught her in the act, she might just as well finish the job. I sat down opposite her and with great delight watched her as she rubbed herself, slowly, and with no great hurry. My penis soon became erect, and seeing the obvious bulge in my trousers, she said that if I would like to masturbate while I watched her, she wouldn't mind. It would, in fact, excite her, she said. Naturally enough, I did as I was bid, coming to a climax in what seemed like seconds, I was very excited, since I had never seen a girl masturbate before. I found it tremendously erotic. Now we have reached a strange stage, where she will masturbate me and let me masturbate her, or she will let me masturbate myself while I watch her.

As you will expect, I take every opportunity to accept her offers. But she refuses every invitation I make to take her out, and when I tell her I would like to go all the way with her, she tells me that I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth, and that I should be happy with what I am getting. Consequently, I am getting some fantastic "hand jobs" but no real screws. I am loath to push my luck any further, in case she stops what we are doing all together. I never realised what a tremendous "turn on" watching a girl masturbate could be. She deliberately masturbates slowly, telling me that she enjoys the build-up. When she climaxes, she moans and wriggles about and, if I happen to be doing it for her, she closes her legs together so tightly over my hand that sometimes it is quite painful. I tried to kneel down in front of her one day and start to suck her, but she wouldn't let me, saying that she thought it was dirty, and for that reason I haven't dared to ask her to suck me, since she would obviously say no. What is worrying me is that, although I enjoy all this mutual masturbation tremendously, I might get to the stage where I prefer masturbation to the real thing.

Office Manager,
(Name and address supplied),
York.

Sir: Much of the correspondence in your columns is devoted to the particular fetishes that men – and women, of course – find stimulating. I'm not against rubber, leather, sexy lingerie, mackintoshes, caning, or whatever it is that turns people on, but I sometimes wonder how many men are as lucky as I am in having that most satisfactory and exciting of all sexual aids: a beautiful, sexy and willing woman. I find it tremendously exciting to know that she will do *anything* for me that I desire, as, of course, I will for her. She is willing to submit to my every wish for two reasons. One, she actually enjoys anything and everything sexual; two, she loves me, and part of loving me, for her, is to make me happy sexually. She is proud of her body and totally unembarrassed about using it, or letting me use it, sexually.

She will, for example, lie naked on her back and hold her legs up with her ankles around her ears, for me, because she knows that to see her in that position excites me. She will stay in that position whilst I make love to her orally, because she knows that lying like that stimulates me to achieve my best performance. If I am feeling lazy, she will masturbate me, whilst whispering naughty things into my ear, until I ejaculate. I will similarly do anything for her that she wishes, in the knowledge that a satisfied woman is a happy woman. With this sort of relationship, who needs any other ancillary equipment?

J.F.,
Blackpool.

"No, Private Goodbody, I want to see your kitbag!"

Sir: I recently came across an unusual thing in this day and age – a virgin. It was not so disappointing an evening as you may imagine, for although, when the subject was broached, the young lady admitted quickly to her situation, and of her intention of staying that way until the day she married. She also announced that she did not think I would complain of a wasted evening – or night – should I decide to accept her invitation to stay. So stay I did.

I have to tell you that the sex was so satisfying that I have since stayed, voluntarily, on quite a number of occasions. She did everything that a woman could do to a man, and I did everything that a man can do to a woman, with the one obvious exception. She curved her little, pouting lips around my cock. She let, nay encouraged me, to suck her pussy. She masturbated me, both with her practised fingers and with her plump, firm breasts. She asked me to masturbate her. It was a tiring, but highly enjoyable, evening. At the end of it, I began to wonder why people made such a fuss about screwing. But time has returned my sense of proportion. The only question in my mind now is: If a girl is prepared to go to the lengths that this one was to satisfy a man sexually, what on earth is she actually saving her virginity for? Posterity?

C.K.,
Carlisle.

A Vibrant Affair

Sir: I read from time to time in your columns of men who have trouble maintaining their erection long enough to satisfy their wives. As a wife whose husband used to suffer from this difficult problem, may I relate how we have solved it.

It happened quite by chance. Due to my husband's difficulty, I was beginning to get very frustrated, and bought myself a vibrator in order to relieve my frustrations in a practical way. I found the orgasms it produced so intense and pleasurable, that I asked my husband to use it on me, hoping that by being partly responsible for my pleasure (in that he would be the manipulator of the vibrator) he wouldn't feel quite so depressed about his inability to produce orgasms in me himself. This led to him using the vibrator on himself whilst making love to me. This worked fantastically, and we now use the vibrator in this way whenever we make love.

As soon as he feels that he is beginning to lose his erection, he places the head of the vibrator underneath the shaft of his penis. The result is that we can both feel the vibrations. His erection becomes as hard as a rock very quickly, and the continuing vibrations bring us both to orgasm within seconds. The result? Two very happily married and sexually satisfied people.

Mrs D. Willshaw,
Everton.

Sir: May I write a letter in protest at the constant references to the ubiquitous vibrator in your columns? Since my wife first read of the advantages of this piece of equipment, it is the only form of sex that she wants. I admit that I find it quite stimulating to bring her to orgasm with the vibrator, and I also admit that whilst I am performing this service she will either fellate me or masturbate me. But after she has reached her orgasm, she doesn't want to know anymore about my using her vagina to bring myself off. Whilst I cannot complain, as do some of your readers, about my wife's lack of interest in sex, or, I suppose, about her lack of attention to me, I can and do complain that I often long for a real, old-fashioned fuck.

Frustrated,
Wembley.

Flannel Fun

Sir: Somewhere I've read that a fetish is tracable to the circumstances of a boy's first emission of semen, wet dreams apart. As regards my peculiar fetish, this proves correct. My daily wear at school when aged thirteen or fourteen, and with a growing inclination to masturbate, happened to be shorts of navy blue flannel.

I've not forgotten an occasion when a boy of fourteen asked me (then barely twelve) to put my hand in the pocket of his shorts. As the pocket had been cut away, I immediately touched an enormous cock, which he let me finger. So I slit my pockets, dispensed with underpants or briefs, and left my genitals easy to play with. There came a time when I took to standing in front of a mirror, pulling up one leg of my shorts to watch my penis

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MARTHA

Photographs by Eugene Finkei

Martha comes from the States, lived in London for a time and has finally decided that Amsterdam is the only place for her. "It's such a lovely city. It's not too big and forbidding like London can be and it's not so small that nothing ever happens. And, of course, there's so many odd people passing through all the time it's just beautiful. It's a bit like London used to be before everyone got so depressed. There's a lot of Americans living here, a lot of guys who got out of the States during the Vietnam business and can't or don't want to go back. And, of course, with so much of my work on the continent it makes a much better base than London, even with all the air and hovercraft links. So here I am in the most civilised city in the world. I think so anyway.

"The Dutch are magnificently liberal in their approach to social problems. People want pornography so they say: 'Okay, have your pornographic shows and stuff, but keep them in this part of town so everyone knows where they are and how to avoid them if they want.' They do the same with prostitutes and there are places where it is cool to smoke dope. So people who get up in arms about all that sort of stuff don't have it shoved under their noses. If they want to be offended they have to go looking for offence. And, of course, it's good for the other people who want those things not to be hassled by the cops all the time. It's good for the cops too. They don't get hated more than they deserve."

Martha didn't seem to be keen on going back to the States. "I haven't been back for so long I've lost all contact with my old friends and anyway I don't dig the States at all. And, for a model, this is the best place to be."

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Communication

continued from page 91

stiffen, then bringing that interesting appliance across to protrude down the other leg. It didn't take me long, being circumcised, to discover what a lovely feeling I could get by pulling the shorts down over my erection, sometimes sharply, sometimes ever so slowly, and by putting my hands in my pockets and transferring the member from one leg of my shorts to the other, while keeping its knob pressed against the flannel.

One day I tried all this lying on my back, in which position it was so much more pleasing that I went on to enjoy increasing thrills, not really knowing what would happen, until semen spurted out on to my tummy. (Not that I was too surprised, because the facts of life had been explained to me!) This alone might have given birth to my fetish, without reinforcement by the fantastic episode of some days later.

I was in the gym by myself, swinging and doing somersaults on the rings and wearing only a vest and blue flannel rugger shorts bought barely an hour before. As soon as I put these shorts on, I fancied that, with their wider legs, easy cut and short flies, they might be better than my school shorts for what I liked doing. But that was not the moment to try, lest someone came in. Instead, while performing on the rings, I got fascinated by the look and feel of these new shorts and by the way my cock was tumbling about inside them and getting bigger, lifting them up in front. Finally, I was swinging as high as possible on the rings, with an erection sticking out a mile. I thought this was the cat's whiskers. However, before leaving the gym, I had the sudden idea of sitting on one of the rings. This is an impossible feat, because the ring does not stay in position to be sat upon. So picture me jumping high for the rope, my penis flapping, hauling myself up, to be electrified by the touch of a heavy iron ring on my pelvis, then making vain attempts to get my thighs over the ring as it kept slipping away and bumping into my balls. It was an effort to stay up for more than a few seconds, so I dropped to the floor before trying again. A partial erection had gone down, but another started as I caught the rope for the second time. When I opened and raised my legs, the ring touched down exactly on the base of my cock, which stiffened in response, carrying for an instant the full weight of the ring. Then, as I struggled once more to sit on the elusive ring, my penis standing straight up inside my shorts and the ring hitting me between the legs, the feel of the changing tension of the flannel across my knob was so exquisite, and the sensation in my loins so intense, that on reaching the floor again, I was left gasping. When, moments later (this time for the sensual pleasure, not with any hope of success) I went up the rope again, the ring touched and slid over the bulge in my shorts, and this further subtle pleasure of the flannel against the very tip of a fully erect and quivering young penis brought my semen pumping out.

No wonder that for long afterwards I could hardly look at blue flannel shorts, let alone put them on, without getting an erection. Indeed, I was to find little satisfaction in masturbating except in these shorts, and I continued this masturbation after leaving school and even after matrimony. And my fetishism went to extremes.

For instance, since I got most enjoyment from shorts which were new (harking back, I suppose, to that day in the gym) I have had the irresistible urge from time to time to buy new ones, experimenting with different styles and even with different sizes. Sometimes, if I were leaving home, I would order a pair to be sent ahead of me, just for the thrill of finding and opening the parcel. Now that the fashion in rugger shorts has changed, and the type I like best are virtually unobtainable, (except by special order and at greatly increased cost) I suppose this expensive aspect of the fetishism must disappear. Again, in the fond belief that all boys wearing flannel shorts must feel and react as I did, I have gone to many school rugger matches, more intent on the players than on the play. Mostly I could only let my imagination run riot, but there were rewards.

For most of one game my field glasses were glued to a full-back of seventeen or so, for under his fairly thin, white flannel shorts, I could follow every moment of a heavy cock, which he kept clutching, and which I hoped might give even better entertainment. Imagine my glee when I saw the clearest possible outline of a full erection pressing his shorts outwards and upwards. He tried to hide it, first by slipping a hand into his pocket, then by leaning forwards, hands on thighs, but more than once had to run with a penis standing out and swinging wildly as he fielded and kicked. Also, from the touchline, I have watched in ecstasy a touch judge of the same age, wearing heavier blue shorts, like mine, being hit full on the genitals by a bouncing ball, then standing with his arms raised as the expected stiff came higher and higher, and being obliged to remain with his shorts nigh to bursting for two more line-outs near the same spot.

That, however, was when school teams were, to my mind,

dressed more attractively, than they seem to be today, and jockstraps were seldom, if ever, worn.

Furthermore, I hardly ever go away, even for one night, without taking shorts with me. I wear them whenever it will not appear too silly, e.g., for hill walking, going on the beach, gardening in hot weather, even for house painting (to save getting my trousers messed up with paint). And, of course, I like wearing them when reading magazines which are conducive to masturbation. Although I doubt whether any of your readers had these same experiences, or endured (enjoyed?) a flannel fetish.

If anyone wants to add a rider to this, I shall be most interested.

Name and address supplied.

Some Suggestions

Sir: As the adjudicator of a much enjoyed annual event, I feel it my duty to inform you of the rules and results of the Westpool House Wanking Competition, 1974. The rules are simple. Each competitor has to pay an entrance fee of 40p. After the official starting time (lights out) the competitors are free to flog away at any time, anywhere, during the next 21 days, provided there is a witness to rule out false claims.

Unfortunately, no help from *Men Only* or other like material is allowed, nor is any outside assistance, male or female. The winner is the first to reach the target of fifty significant emissions. By "significant", sperm is indicated. Cowper's gland fluid alone doesn't count.

This year's champion is "Draughty" Drought, who crossed the finishing line at 4.30 a.m. after a superb run-in of eight that night. He just missed the all-time record of 10 days, 3 hours and 20 minutes, his time being a solid 11 days, 6 hours. Later he told me: "I could feel it was going to be a close-run thing. I knew that many had cheated, and that bribery and corruption were rife." A semen-stained copy of *Men Only* was proffered as evidence.

This is but the start of things to come. With 18 entrants the prize money totalled £7.20 – poor reward for such labour. We would like to hear about any other schools (day or boarding – boys' or girls') that run similar competitions. Please don't think we're putting you on. All the events described are true. If you don't believe me, send Fiona to adjudicate next year.

Miles Pratt,
Canterbury.

Sir: I am an unmarried male aged twenty-two. I buy *Men Only* every month and find each issue interesting and educative. In particular I enjoy reading the letters printed in *Communication*, and note that quite a few females are asking you to publish pictures of nude men. I offer myself as a model. I would like to appear in your book totally nude. I will pose with a female (or females) or on my own, just as you wish. I am well-built with fine equipment, which I hope you will feature in close-up. A number of other magazines are now printing photos of the male genitals, but you will have to go a long way to find a better set than mine. I am not circumcised. Please send me a reply as soon as possible. I will pose free of charge with females.

P.R.,
Glamorgan.

We will bear your offer in mind if we ever decide to print a penis parade.

Vanitas Vanitatum

Sir: The use of mirrors as a sex aid is hardly new, but I have recently been having a relationship with a girl who is really turned on by being able to watch herself being fucked. Her favourite ploy is to lean over the end of a fairly high-backed armchair and have me fuck her from behind whilst she watches us in a long pier glass that she carefully angles before we start. She says that to be able to see my prick going in and out of her cunt as well as feeling it almost doubles the pleasure. Since I like screwing in this position more than any other, you can imagine that it is a great relationship. But whilst I like fucking "doggy" fashion for basically the same reason – I love to watch my prick sliding in and out of a girl's cunt – I find that seeing it in a mirror does absolutely nothing to increase my enjoyment. I suppose, in fact, it's very difficult for a woman to see herself being fucked in the way that a man can watch himself *without* a mirror, unless she's something of a contortionist. One hears a lot about mirrored ceilings in bedrooms and completely mirrored rooms, but I've no experience of these. Do other readers find watching their sexual antics in mirrors exciting?

P.S.,
Chingford.

It's Just Not On

Sir: What can I say to my girlfriend to dissuade her from massaging and caressing my balls during foreplay? I do not want to discourage her from me in any way, but I have always found this particular kind of attention very unpleasant. It isn't that, in itself, I dislike it. It is simply that I am always very concerned that, in the excitement of the moment, my girlfriend will forget the delicacy of the objects of her attention, and give them too hard a squeeze – with the obvious, painful result. Whilst it is arguable that I am being unnecessarily concerned, it is a very real worry to me.

R.W.,
Gloucester.

Sir: I wonder why so many men are turned on by the thought of lesbianism? Surely they realise that practising lesbians are rejecting the male penis? I realise that some lesbians are bisexual, but the vast majority of us are pure female homosexuals. Lesbians do not find male homosexuals sexually attractive. What appeals to us, or at least to my girlfriend and me, is the beauty and purity of our sexual relationship. It is its very lack of masculinity that forms a large part of the attraction. For those of your male readers stupid enough to fantasise about "converting" us, I would say just two words: Forget it.

Name and address supplied.

The Preferential List

Sir: As a self-confessed knicker fetishist, may I disagree with a recent letter in *Men Only*, which put forward the theory that it was the word itself that was the trigger to the sexual enjoyment of itinerant knicker fetishists. As far as I am concerned that's absolute rubbish. It's the *knickers* that are important. Black knickers, drawn tightly over bottoms. Transparent knickers, showing luxuriant pubic hair. Silky knickers, drawn tightly up into crotches, preferably moistened by the sexual excitement and anticipation of the wearer, and either revealing the moulded outline of the vaginal lips, or actually revealing them through the transparency of the material. Open crotch knickers, framing the source of all sexual pleasure. Tiny, bikini knickers. Pretty, lacy knickers. Shiny nylon knickers. It's inevitable, in trying to explain the attraction of the underwear, that I have had to use the word rather frequently. Despite that, please accept my assurance that it's the article that is the attraction. I'm sure that it's the association of the lingerie with their close proximity, when worn, with woman's most pleasurable attribute.

A.C.R.,
Wandsworth.

Sir: I have just met a girl who would send those of your readers who are pubic hair enthusiasts into transports of delight. She has a mane of long, black silky pubic hair extending from just below her navel, down through her legs and back up between her buttocks almost to her waist. It is thickest, of course, around her pubic area, and although it is the heaviest growth I have ever seen, my girlfriend tells me that it grows so quickly and so luxuriantly that she has to trim it at least once every two weeks. Needless to say I have put a stop to that, and am watching its growth with mounting excitement. Although her armpits are clean shaven, I can see that she

continued overleaf

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MO

is similarly endowed there, and I am currently preoccupied with trying to persuade her that I find underarm hair every bit as sexually attractive as pubic hair. Up to now I haven't succeeded, but I live in hope!

How about *Men Only* organising a Miss Pubic Hair 1974 Competition? Apart from the pleasure that pictures of the contestants would give to many of your readers, I believe that my new girlfriend would be a runaway winner.

John Kirby,
Fishguard.

Sir: In an age when there is open discussion on sexual matters, and false modesty and hypocrisy are becoming things of the past, it surprises me that no-one seems to share with me (or, if they do, they do not raise the subject in print) an enjoyment of that most erotic of all things sexual: the natural aroma of a woman. Or, if you prefer it more basically, the smell of cunt. I find the scent of a clean, washed and sexually excited cunt the most tremendously sexual thing about a woman. You can have your tit men, bum men and leg men. I'm a cunt man, and proud of it. I cannot understand the sales of vaginal deodorants being what they are. All that anyone needs is a little soap and water. Who wants a cunt smelling of strawberries? Or not smelling of anything?

R.V.E.,
Hull.

Sir: As a regular and enthusiastic reader of *Men Only*, and a healthy, overtly sexual male, I've never understood, until recently, the attraction, to some of your readers, of huge breasts.

Not long ago, on a business trip to Germany, I was taken to a German brothel by one of my business acquaintances. There I chose – mostly out of curiosity – a young girl whose obviously enormous bosom was tightly encased in a transparent black brassière. She was also wearing black panties and a sort of open negligee. We went to her room, where she took off the negligee. Leaving the panties on for the moment, she sat on the bed and took off the brassière. Her breasts were really enormous. I can only guess at their actual size, but I would imagine that her bust measurement was at least fifty inches. They were well-shaped, not sagging, just full, very slightly pendulous and with the biggest nipples I've ever seen.

She spoke excellent English, and asked me if I liked her breasts. I had to answer that I did. I think it was the contrast between those huge globes and the slimness of the rest of her body, plus the fact that she could only have been about eighteen; for some reason, when thinking of enormous breasts, one thinks of them on a much older woman.

I took them in my hands, tremendously stimulated by their sheer size. With both hands around one breast, I couldn't make my fingers anywhere near meet. She got me to undress and lie on the bed and, still with the panties on, she took her breasts in her hands and enveloped my now very erect organ in them. I can't describe the fantastically erotic sensation of feeling my tool being massaged by these huge, soft, warm globes of flesh. I very soon ejaculated, without having even had a sight of her pussy, never mind getting anywhere near it – though that didn't worry me at all. It was one of the most pleasurable sexual experiences of my life, and I can't wait to get back to Germany to repeat it.

I still haven't experienced the recommended accompaniment to giant breasts – the enjoyment of enormous buttocks – but on the strength of my German experience, I'm very willing to try it when the opportunity presents itself.

P.V.,
Orpington.

Sir: I have just met a girl with the largest breasts I have ever seen. I met her at a party, and apart from her pretty face, her tremendous bosom was, I admit, a considerable part of her attraction. I took her home that evening and eventually ended up in bed with her. I have to tell you that when she removed her brassière I found her enormous breasts the most tremendous turn off I have ever encountered.

Huge they certainly were. But can you imagine a girl of eighteen, with a slim, young girl's body, with something like forty-inch breasts? They drooped down almost to her navel. They were soft and shapeless; just great, loose mounds of soft flesh with tiny little nipples that made the whole effect almost obscene. They also had great blue veins all over them.

She was obviously very proud of them and she kept holding them up to my mouth, presumably for me to suck them. I was torn between doing as I was expected and getting dressed and running away. I opted for the former, as I didn't want to upset her. It was hardly her fault that she suffered from what I regard as a deformity.

The only way I could bring myself to perform with her was to enter her from behind, with her monstrous breasts mercifully out of sight, if not out of touch. To those readers who write to you from time to time extolling the virtues of enormous tits, I can only say, good luck. They're certainly not as erotic an experience as I imagined before I had the opportunity to find out for myself.

P.H.R.,
Salisbury.

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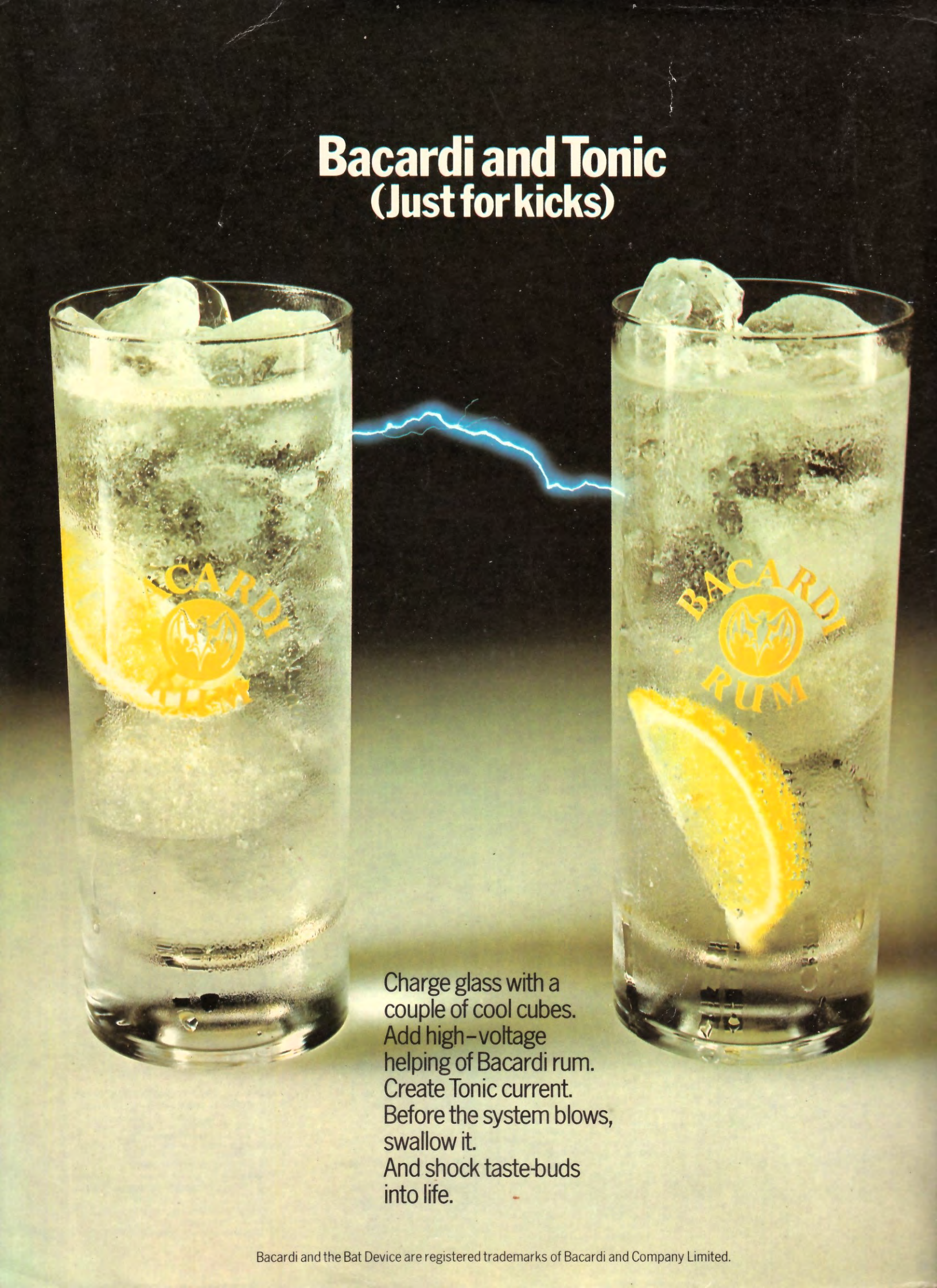

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